

...LIFE, JULY 31st, 1920.
HATCHLING OF THE YOUNG KING PENGUIN (Illustrated).
OWES WEEK ONCE AGAIN (Illustrated).

COUNTRY LIFE

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: The Countess of Cottenham	131, 132
War Memorials in France	132
Country Notes	133
These Gentle English Lanes, by Thomas Moulton	133
Sea-birds, by Oswald H. Harland	134
Cowes Week Once Again, by Francis B. Cooke. (Illustrated) ..	135
The Sculpture of Dr. Tait Mackenzie. (Illustrated)	138
Moulting of the Young King Penguin, by Professor J. Gosse Ewart, F.R.S. Illustrated from Photographs by Miss D. A. L. Mackenzie	140
East Anglia: A Voyage of Discovery. II.—Wild Geese, by Wilfrid Ewart	142
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	143
Country Home: Derry's Wood, by R. Randal Phillips. (Illustrated) ..	144
Bamboo Exploitation in India, by W. Raitt, Cellulose Expert to the Government of India. (Illustrated)	152
Country Humour	153
The Estate Market	154
Correspondence	155
Eton and Harrow Cricket (F. B. Wilson); Shipbuilding in the Days of the Tudors; Deep Tillage with Double Disc Plough (E. H. Arnott); A White Swallow (H. E. Belcher and Raoul Gellibert); Strange Cage-Fellows; The Migration of the Swifts; Inn Signs Ancient and Modern (E. J. Paley); Home Produced Bacon (Thos. Ratcliffe); A Deserted Devon Manor House (James Thorpe); A Peculiar Flower (Robert Gurney); An Exile's Last Tie with the Old Country (K. J. Mappin).	
Use and Misuse of Creepers. (Illustrated)	157
Starting in Racing	158
On the Green, by Bernard Darwin	158
How Much Does the Server Gain? by F. R. Burrow	159
The Tate Gallery, by Charles Marriott	159
Shooting Notes	160
The Automobile World. (Illustrated)	lxxxii.
British Tractors. III.—The Peterbro. (Illustrated)	xc.
The Lighter Dress Side of Cowes. (Illustrated)	xcii.

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WAR MEMORIALS IN FRANCE

THERE are certain things in life which should be done with great deliberation, because when the final step is taken it cannot be recalled. Even in building a house or planting a row of trees one feels inclined to be solemnised by the thought that the walls will, all things going well, enclose the home of generations still unborn and that eyes still to see the light will gaze upon the tall trees which were only little plants when we put them into the ground. The gravity of feeling arises from recognising that what is being done will only come to its fruition when the hands that did it and the brain that planned are for ever at rest. Much more serious is the responsibility of him who erects a memorial to the dead. It will stand for ages in its place, silently condemning or silently applauding the designer. For this reason we have again and again pleaded for deep consideration before national sanction is given to any important war memorial. Sometimes we think that all has been done in vain. Take, for example, the monument to Nurse Cavell, erected in the centre of London. No one can call it beautiful and no one can say that the work in stone is worthy of her whose name and memory it was meant to enshrine. Few

of the other memorials raised up and down the country excite any exalted pleasure. Here and there is one that posterity will regard with approbation, but for that one there are scores that will not stand scrutiny. They are already condemned as unworthy.

These reflections were suggested by thought of the delicate task which Lord Middleton's Committee is endeavouring to perform. It was appointed to consider the question of placing memorials on the French battlefields on which our soldiers fought. Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Mons, Neuve Chappelle, Kemmel Hill, and many other sites have been consecrated with English blood, and will ever be cherished in the national memory. There can be very few of the English race who do not recognise the need in this case of the best we have to give. Those whose valour is to be perpetuated were not only the flower of English youth, but they came forward at the most critical juncture in the history of Great Britain and offered their life and all it was worth in order that those at home might enjoy the blessings of peace. They gave their all, and, at the most, it is only a little thing we can do in return. All the more is it essential to make this the best. The best by no means implies the most costly in money. It means that there is no sparing of taste and time and trouble to make each monument a thing that future ages will regard with pride and admiration. It must be a very great responsibility on the part of the Committee how to arrive at such a result. Genius is required to achieve it in its perfection, and genius is evasive and difficult to set to work according to a preconceived plan. Inspiration pays no commanded visit. The Committee cannot do exactly as it likes. There are certain conditions to be observed. One is economy. The country would certainly not grudge even in these difficult times to incur a considerable sacrifice in order to make these memorials worthy of their object. But there would be plenty of criticism if much money were expended and the result did not give satisfaction. There are three ways in which the Committee might proceed. They may hold that the architectural genius who designed the Cenotaph is the most capable to prepare plans that will combine grave and solemn dignity with the durability which a memorial to be placed on a battlefield must possess. They may, on the other hand, wish to give play to the genius of any architect who can show a design of merit enough to command general admiration. The only way to do that is by following the old prosaic method of advertising for plans and choosing the best submitted, from whatever source they may come.

It well might be that some of the younger men in the profession who, perchance, have carried arms themselves might hit upon that felicitous memorial which will deserve the greatest approbation. There is just as much possibility in this as might make it worth while to give it a trial. After all, there will be a great many memorials needed and they will have to be suitable to variations of place and climate and environment. A monument that would be perfectly suited to France might not be equally suitable to Mesopotamia. In any case, it seems to us the better plan would be to ask for designs, plans and estimates in the ordinary business manner and on the understanding that the best would be chosen. In judging what was the best the Committee could obtain the views of all classes of men, in which case sound taste and judgment are bound to prevail in the end, because when the merits of any fine thing are pointed out authoritatively those who dissented before almost invariably fall into line with the others.

Our Frontispiece

A PORTRAIT of the Countess of Cottenham, widow of the fourth Earl of Cottenham, is given on the first page of this week's issue of COUNTRY LIFE. She is a daughter of the late Mr. John Humphry Burke and was married in 1916.

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COUNTRY NOTES

WHEN Tennyson declared in the last line of "Enoch Arden" that the little port in which he lived "had seldom seen a costlier funeral" he perpetrated a very prosy line which had the additional disadvantage of betraying in him that little *bourgeois* vein which he never entirely lost. The undertakers of Bushey in Hertfordshire seem the proper persons to annotate the passage. A singular story has been related of them by a local and much respected parson, the Reverend Montague Hall. He relates that eighteen years ago Miss Somers, one of the Guardians of the Poor, presented a beautiful wheel-bier to the inhabitants of Bushey. Her reason was that the poor of the district were often put to great expense for the hire of costly hearses and carriages and she "wished to encourage the solemnity and simplicity which a walking funeral, especially in our country villages, betokens." But the Undertakers' Association has laid a heavy hand upon the use of a wheel-bier and a walking funeral. They have combined to decline to use a wheel-bier outside any church, churchyard or cemetery after June 30th. That, with a vengeance, is an interference with the liberty of the subject. It is saying to the poor that they must not make a simple funeral, whatever the hardship entailed by hiring the hearses and the conventional "trappings of woe." It is an interference which we hope the people of Bushey will effectually resent. They know that in certain classes the living have had to suffer severely because of a lavish expenditure on the burial of the dead.

UNDER the heading of "preventable waste in the country," the Ministry of Agriculture has been returning to the rat question. We entirely agree with what is written, but there is one omission and this is to urge the farmer to keep a larger number of cats than he does. On several farms where there is a good breed of stackyard cat, a rat has become a rarity. These cats have come from several generations that have all been brought up in the same way. They are not allowed to come into the house much during the day and not at all at night, as in fact their habits become nocturnal. They sleep when the sun is shining and hunt when it is dark. In some places they are not fed at all; at others only sparsely. But they never look as if they suffered from malnutrition. On the contrary they are fat and their coats have the shine and bloom of health. The real fact is that rats and mice abound very largely in the fields and they breed in safety while they are afforded cover by the various crops. As the latter are removed and the approach of autumn thins the hedges and makes the nights colder, both rats and mice try to get into more comfortable quarters. They seldom are to be found together for the simple reason that the larger rodent eats the smaller. But a mouse can make its way into quarters to which the rat has not admission. We have seen the field mice from a garden entering a house by way of the letterbox, which shows a curious amount of observation on

their part. But probably in addition to the cats that live mostly outside, the farmer's wife has a pet cat inside which is the best mouse trap she can use.

THE heading "Waste" made one think of something more novel than the old rat grievance. A farm labourer who for several years was a prisoner in Germany, and worked on a farm there, came back with many vivid impressions, but none more so than his memory of the means adopted by the Germans to avoid waste. If he were driving an empty cart back from the fields or the station he was obliged to pick up any of those little things that lie about there as in England. The labourer does not take the trouble to look at them. He had to collect nails, old horseshoes, everything that was metal—tin, iron, steel—whatever was found on the road or the field, limbs of trees that had been blown down, or anything of that kind. The German small farmer, too, has a place for everything and tries to keep everything in its place, so that when need arises he knows exactly where to look for the article required. Another point worth mentioning is that very few of our agricultural labourers know the value of vegetable refuse, tops, tails, coarse leaves, weeds, grass and other useless rubbish. The little German farmer piles all these up during the summer when there is a profusion, and, left rotting till spring, they furnish him with much needed manure. Of course, he has not the bulk of vegetable waste to throw away that the English allotment or small holder has, because he feeds his small livestock, especially rabbits, with much that on an English holding would be carelessly thrown away. The success of our small-holders will in the long run depend upon their skill in avoiding waste.

THESE GENTLE ENGLISH LANES . . .

These gentle English lanes that wind
By hemlock banks and lushy ranks
Of grass with high green thorn behind—

These gracious lanes they bid me come,
Eastward or west they promise rest,
And every step shall lead me home.

For home is yonder, where the brown
Low sea has drifted, under the rifted
Hedge, or where the gorse rolls down;

Or where I stand, while the sweet year
Around me spends, and sweeter friends
Are at my call—ah! home is here

Along these English lanes that roam
By east or westward to my rest,
For every step shall lead me home.

THOMAS MOULT.

UNDER the Ministry of Transport there has been formed a Slippery Roads Committee which has a difficult task before it. The point is that roads nowadays have to serve two very different functions. They must be very smooth for a motor to run over them comfortably, and that smoothness is often the cause of accidents to horses. Of old it was the horse alone that had to be considered. Now, as Mr. Riche, the Secretary of the Roads Improvement Association, says, this body is supported almost entirely by motorists and cyclists, and one of their chief duties is to put some sort of preparation on the roads in order to preserve them, "such as tar or something of that sort to stick together." Owners of horses have received every consideration. The idea was that salvation might be found in a new shoe that would allow the frog of the horse's foot to come into contact with the road and thus avoid slipping. But though prizes were offered for a new shoe that would meet this want the results have so far not been satisfactory. Hundreds of shoes were sent in and grants have been made towards the supply and testing of some of them, but the principal needed has not yet been discovered, or if so, is among the shoes awaiting trial. It seems to be a generally held opinion among experts that the way out will be found in special shoes and anti-slipping devices for the horses.

SIR WILLIAM DAVISON in a letter to the *Times*, as notable for its moderation and justice as for its simple, clear and direct expression, has stated the principles underlying the objection to increasing railway rates in the month of August. He supports the Government as far as the wisdom of their action lies in a resolve to make the railways pay their way. The fault he finds is with the manner in which it is done, and what he says would apply to any other service rendered to the public. If when the railwaymen brought forward their demand for increased wages the Government had stated "it is the public who must decide this as the increased wages can only be paid by raising the fares," then they would have driven an economic truth home. But nothing of the kind happened. The wages were raised, and then at the most inconvenient time of the year the customers of the railwaymen have to find the money. The same thing happened with regard to the wages of miners. They, too, were raised out of the consumers' pocket. In these cases the public is the employer and as such must decide whether the service is or is not worth the additional money charged.

THIS year those who have gardens or allotments will do well to keep in mind a lesson learned early in the war. What with the weather and the increased demand for imported food in Central Europe, living is going to cost even more during the coming winter than it has done. Just after the declaration of war in the summer of 1914 one or two nurserymen and many private businesses sowed a great many seeds that previously had been thought fit only for spring. These efforts were crowned with so much success that a very large number of the great seedsmen to-day issue lists of vegetables for late sowing, with directions how to ensure useful crops that will lighten the burden of housekeeping during the winter season. The main point about these directions is that the seed should be very thinly sown and instead of being transplanted the plants should be left in their original rows, only thinned to an extent that will give them room for development. In that simple way very excellent results have been achieved, though it should be observed that the soil should be rich but not treated with fresh manure, and a sheltered situation should be chosen. Hitherto we have been the largest bread-consuming people in the world, and bread is going to be very expensive. The way to lessen the baker's bill is by growing an extra supply of vegetables and to a large extent doing without bread.

AT a time when we are all discussing forestry the evidence heard at Inverness, when a crofter was found guilty of originating the fire at Spey Side, cannot fail to be interesting. It shows, at any rate, how easily a great conflagration can be set going. There is not, on the face of it, any reason for doubting the statement of the man that he set fire to a juniper bush to kill adders, which, he says, were destroying his sheep. It is perfectly conceivable that he should cling to the superstition that adders destroy sheep. The main point of interest is to notice how easily a fire can be kindled which will involve heavy pecuniary loss if there is a forest close at hand. A witness had actually seen him striking matches and kindling a fire, but it was not suggested that this was done with the intent to destroy the forest. The moral is that woodland should, as far as possible, be safeguarded from fire, an end that can be secured if the trees are planted in blocks or sections with wide drives between them and with borders of deciduous trees.

THE "sharabanker," as the rustic calls those who go cheap-tripping in "the benched coach," is not behaving himself very well in the country according to the Duke of Rutland and others. He is intoxicated with his new pleasure—or is it with the beer and cider laid in for the journey? Sir Eric Geddes even threatens him with legislation. But is he not just passing through the experience of the first cyclists, the first motorists, the first motor lorries? They were all deemed nuisances till they settled down into ordinary well behaved passengers on the King's highway. Let us not lose hope of the "sharabanker." He is right to prefer an open coach to a stuffy railway carriage, and his exuberance will subside like froth when he has had more experience of the road.

THE choosing of the cricket team to go to Australia this winter has been awaited with much interest. Now that it is chosen we cannot, whatever happens, say that we were not worthily represented. Two amateurs, Mr. Knight and Mr. Wood were asked, but could not go, and there are only four amateurs on the side. This is a pity, since amateur batting at its best has a brilliancy and power of rising superior to rules not always given to professionals. But it is at the moment a rather lean time for amateurs. Our best batsmen are professionals. They will give to the side a quality of solidity particularly valuable on the perfect Australian wickets, where time is no object and matches are played out leisurely and stubbornly to a finish. Moreover, Hobbs and Hendren are brilliant enough to satisfy any reasonable person. There is hesitation whether one of the bowlers should be the incomparable Barnes, or that eccentric genius Parkin, whose bowling has so "intrigued" the public. As captain Mr. Spooner is the right man in the right place.

SEA-BIRDS.

At sunrise all the sea-birds
Upon the beaches cruise,
And fill the air with foreign words
Such as sea-folk use.
They roll ashore in twos and threes
And potter up and down
Like captains from the Seven Seas
Met in an English town;
But only those who rise from bed
In early morning weather
Will ever learn what things are said
When sea-birds walk together.

OSWALD H. HARLAND.

MANY men who are not very old remember a time when there was far more basket-making in the country than there is to-day. The existence of the industry can be traced by the quantity of pollard willows that are still to be seen beside many a stream. But this rural occupation was given up because baskets imported from abroad became so cheap that it was not thought worth while to weave them at home. To-day baskets do not freely come in from other countries, and the small-holder who sends his produce up to a town market has got to pay through the nose for the use of baskets he does not own. The charge usually made is threepence a basket, and most of us know that the boxes or cases in which goods are now sent are very much more heavily charged for by the shops and stores than used to be the case. The merest apology for a case will cost a shilling or eighteenpence. At Boxsted in Essex this has been felt so keenly that the small-holders have approached the County Council and induced it to set aside a field for the cultivation of willows. Of course, a scheme like that does not mature in twelve months. The willows will not be of much use for basket making for three years, and, perhaps, will be best left for five years. But once established they will prove a very great saving indeed.

WILL there not come a time when history will point to the reign of George V as one in which certain kinds of folly ran rampant? One of these is the idolisation of the professional boxer. It is announced that the American champion, Dempsey, has refused fifty thousand pounds from Mr. Cochran for his match with Carpentier. Fifty thousand pounds at a time when companies are offering eight per cent. for participating preference shares means an income of more than four thousand pounds a year. Suppose that such a sum had been offered as a pension to a great doctor, a great man of science, or a writer, what would the proletariat have said? The question needs no formal answer. There would have been a most indignant protest from all the democratic papers in existence. It would have been described as the most woeful squandermania imaginable. Yet, who is offering the professional American boxer fifty thousand pounds? Not the Government, not a Prime Minister, but the people who fill the seats in order to watch the fight; and the huge crowds who make a hero of such a man as this. Surely posterity will point the finger of derision at such a proceeding.

COWES WEEK ONCE AGAIN

By FRANCIS B. COOKE.

AFTER a lapse of seven years Cowes Week is revived again with all its old glories. Following Goodwood, it marks the climax of the social season, and there are indications that the great yachting festival will be as well attended as in pre-war days. The King and Queen are to be present in the Royal Yacht and will, it is expected, take an active part in the racing. Despite the difficulties of fitting out that still obtain, there will be sufficient yachts in the roads to crowd the anchorage, while ashore most of the available accommodation has long ago been taken up.

It is just a hundred years since Cowes Regatta was instituted as a great social function, for it originated in 1820, when the Prince Regent took a house on the front for the yachting season, a visit which he repeated the following year, after he had come to the throne. Since 1834 the reigning sovereign has, with very few breaks, presented a cup to the Royal Yacht Squadron each year to be competed for by the members, and this cup is the most coveted prize the sport has to offer.

It would be difficult to imagine a more perfect setting for a great yachting festival than Cowes, as the racing courses are all that could be desired and the surroundings delightful. Nothing could be more charming than the scene from the Squadron lawn on a fine day while racing is in progress. The

graceful yachts walk the blue waters of the Solent like things of life, the wooded shore of Hampshire forming an effective background to their buff-tinted sails.

Cowes Castle, which has been the home of the Royal Yacht Squadron since 1858, was built in the days of Henry VIII for the defence of the Solent. The premises are commodious and comfortable, but the special feature is the lawn, backed by fine old trees; this is a favourite spot during the regatta week. An excellent view of the start and finish of the races can be had from the bastion in front of the castle. Here are mounted twenty-two brass cannon which were formerly in the *Royal Adelaide* in Virginia Water.

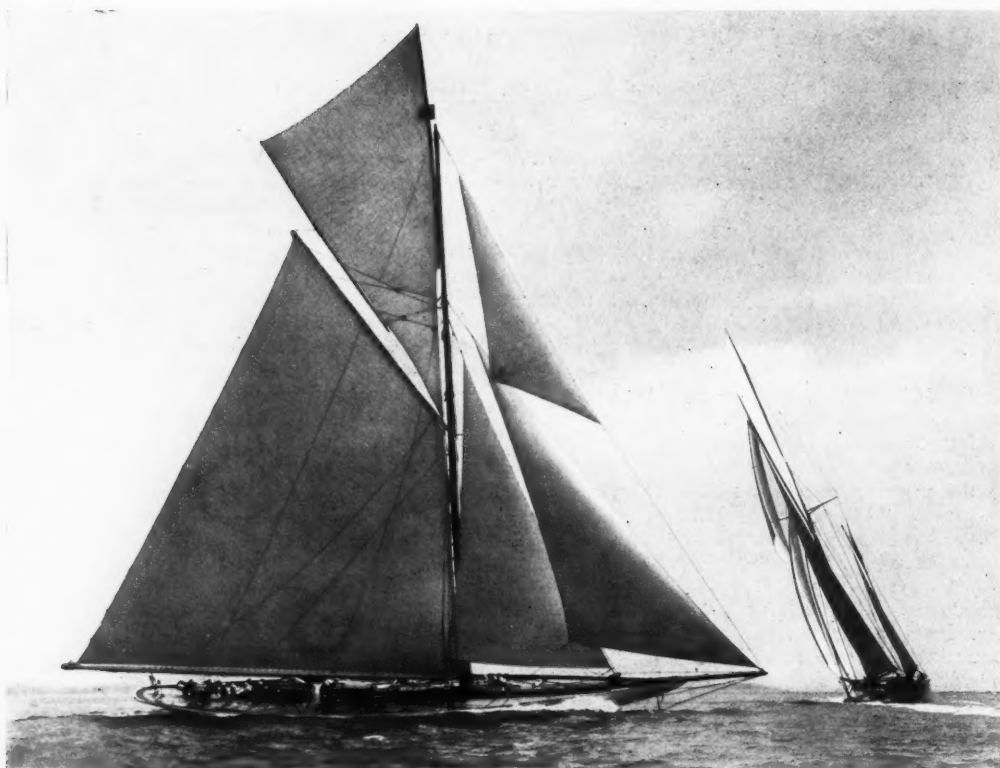
The principal event of the week is, of course, the race for the King's Cup, open to all yachts owned by members of the Squadron, which compete under handicap conditions. In past years, when the classes of the Yacht Racing Association were adequately represented, regret was sometimes expressed that the much-coveted King's Cup should be allotted to a handicap race. This season, however, no such criticism can apply, for, in the absence of large class racing vessels, the sport is being kept alive by the handicap craft. Anyhow, it is only natural that the club should desire to give all their members the opportunity of competing for the Royal prize. The result of such a race may be in the lap of the gods, but there is no getting



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"SUSANNE"—A QUEEN OF THE SEAS.

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MRS. WORKMAN'S "NYRIA," WHICH WAS SO SUCCESSFUL AT THE RECENT CLYDE REGATTAS.



Beken and Son.

THE 23-METRES CUTTER "WHITE HEATHER II."

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away from the fact that the event always attracts a large entry, and the start is usually the finest sight of the whole week.

Another time-honoured prize is the cup presented by the residents of Cowes, known as the Town Cup. Many fine races have been sailed for this trophy in the past, and, incidentally, it may be remarked that one of the early races for the Cup resulted in an episode that, it is to be hoped, is unique in the annals of the sport. The incident in question was reported in the *Sporting Magazine* in the following words:

When only a few miles from home, the distance sailed being nearly eighty miles, including the tacks made by the different vessels, the *Arrow* had the temerity to cross the *Miranda* on the larboard tack, and had not Captain Lyons taken the helm just in time she must have been run down. As it was the two vessels became entangled, and a scene of much violence took place from the excitement of the different crews, blows being exchanged. The gallant Sir James Gordon, who was on board Mr. Maxse's, had a narrow escape from a dreadful blow aimed at the back of his head by one of Mr. Weld's men with a handspike as the two vessels were touching one another. He avoided the blow by ducking his head, and hitting out right and left à la Spring, floored the rascal with such tremendous violence that Captain Lyons told me afterwards he thought he was done for. Finding, however, at the end of twenty minutes that the *Harriet* had got, by means of their falling foul, considerably ahead, the *Miranda* dropped astern as the only means of extrication, by which the *Arrow* gained nearly a quarter of a mile, notwithstanding which—such was the superiority of the *Miranda* as a sailer—she passed her very soon and won the cup cleverly.

It must be remembered that in those early days what racing rules existed were somewhat primitive in their nature. The main thing was to win, and if a competitor could not do so by speed—well, he did it by tactics, sometimes even going to such lengths as hacking away his rival's rigging with axes. They certainly order things better nowadays, but even in recent years

exciting incidents have been witnessed at Cowes Regatta, as, for instance, when *L'Esperance* rammed and sank the famous old *Bloodhound* at the start of a race.

It is a matter for regret that there should be no big "class" yachts available for racing at Cowes this year, owing to the recent change in the rating rule, but fortunately there is a very fine fleet of large handicap yachts to fill the void. Chief among these is His Majesty's peerless *Britannia*, one of the most famous and certainly the most popular racing craft in the history of

the two new cutters, *Terpsichore* and *Moonbeam*; and the speedy schooners *Westward* and *Susanne*. With yachts such as these in commission there is ample material for fine racing, and given good weather the success of the regatta is assured.

One of the most interesting features of the week will be the reappearance in the Solent, after an absence of ten years, of the famous schooner *Westward*, recently purchased by Mr. Clarence Hatry. This yacht was the first vessel designed



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HIS MAJESTY'S FAMOUS CUTTER "BRITANNIA."

Copyright.

the sport. Although a quarter of a century has elapsed since she hammered the America Cup winner *Vigilant* all round the coast, the Watson cutter is still in excellent condition and usually figures on the scratch mark of a particularly hot class. Among her opponents will be the beautiful cutter *White Heather*, now owned by Sir Charles Allom, which for several years put up such a pretty fight for supremacy in the 23-metre class with Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock*; Mrs. Workman's fine cutter *Nyria*, the crack of the big cutter class in 1906;

by Herreshoff under the now defunct International Measurement Rule, and crossed the Atlantic in 1910 to try conclusions with the British and German yachts. Brilliantly handled by the late Captain Charles Barr, of America Cup fame, the Yankee clipper carried all before her, winding up the season with an unbeaten record. It must be admitted, however, that the opposition was not very strong, as the only British schooner available at the time was the eight year old *Cicely*, while none of the German schooners was anything of a match for the

speedy American. When she raced in the Solent in 1910 *Westward* created something of a sensation, particularly in the match for the Royal Victoria Gold Cup. In that race, which was sailed in very light weather, the Herreshoff clipper ghosted along in the most astonishing manner what time her opponents lay lifeless like "painted ships upon a painted sea." When the race was stopped at the end of the first round *Westward* was leading her nearest opponent by more than two hours. It is a pity that the brilliant Nicholson schooner *Margherita* is not in commission this year, as *Susanne* is far too small to make

much of a race with *Westward*. Still, the famous Herreshoff schooner is a welcome addition to the big handicap class, and it is expected that she will be sailed by that clever amateur helmsman, Mr. J. R. Payne, who, it will be remembered, was Mr. W. P. Burton's chief rival in the old 15-metre class. The programme will be filled up with handicaps for smaller yachts and races for the various local classes, and those who visit the garden island during the festival—the first big regatta held by the Royal Yacht Squadron since it attained its centenary in 1915—will find plenty of sport awaiting them.

The SCULPTURE of Dr. TAIT MACKENZIE

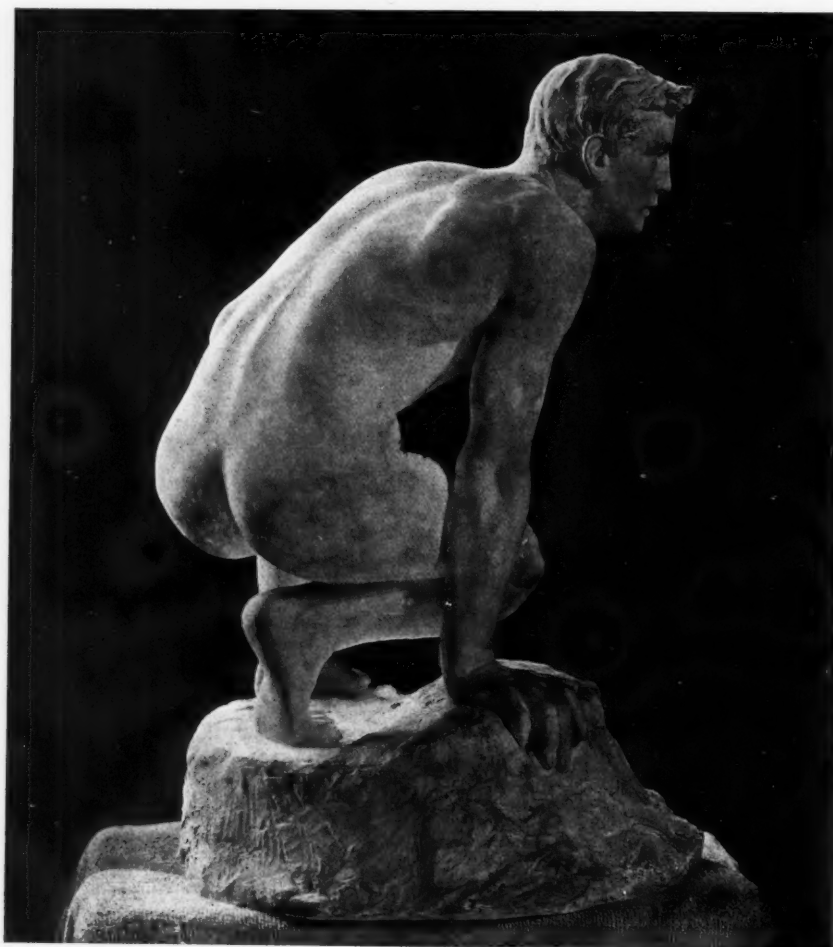
DR. TAIT MACKENZIE'S work, lately on view at the Fine Arts Gallery in Bond Street, has a distinction of its own which is all the more admirable because it owes nothing to extravagant distortion of the natural forms of the human figure. One writes this with a reminiscent eye on the sculptures of some of the Serbians and

special medal was awarded by the King of Sweden to this piece. It is interesting to compare it with the medallion, again showing us three running athletes, which Dr. Mackenzie designed especially for the Inter-Collegiate Conference of American Colleges. This medallion is awarded for combined excellence in athletics and scholarship, and nine of the medals are given each year.

Dr. Mackenzie is of Canadian birth and education. His college days were passed at the McGill University in Montreal, where, later, he was appointed lecturer on anatomy in the Medical School. At the University he had been successful in many athletic contests; his genius turned naturally to the consideration of the close association between the form, the muscles and athletic achievement. It was inevitable that this inclination should lead him to the great classic sculptures of the days when the human figure was the object of a special reverence and study in the gymnasium. He lectured on artistic anatomy in his own city of Montreal and also at Harvard University and at the St. Louis Exposition in the Olympic Lecture Course. Thus he became so known that on the institution of the Chair of Physical Education at the University of Pennsylvania he was at once asked to take his seat on it. This happened in 1904; but in 1915 came the call of the war; he was given the rank of Major in the R.A.M.C., and his peculiar gifts found their special value and use in the rebuilding of broken and perished muscles.

This sculptor is, therefore, not only a follower of the classic tradition, but in singular measure had the like opportunities with the sculptors who frequented the gymnasias of Greece and Rome. The nude human form was constantly under his eye and hand, and he was constantly considering it in relation with athletics. Of course, he enjoyed all such advantage over the classical sculptors as may accrue from that modern anatomy—the cutting up and into the human body—which the classical pagan would have deemed the worst of sacrilege. In some recent art criticism we see knowledge of anatomy discussed as though it were apt to be a snare to the artist rather than a source of strength. The scorn of the "anatomical study" is a cheap

gesture not uncommon. The lack of knowledge, however, is at least as effective and perilous a snare as the excess, and by far more frequent. Dr. Mackenzie, in any case, does not allow his learning to express itself too emphatically at expense of the artistic expression. He knows too well the lines which convey the sense of movement to arrange them in such manner that any curve of the motive muscle shall break or mar them. Let us speak of one or two of the works in brief detail. That which will first arrest attention and provoke comment is likely to be the "Onslaught." Quite obviously this represents football, and something akin to our Rugby football—akin, but with a difference. The difference is essentially that in the American game the ball is used almost as a mere mark, a sign of the point to which the side in possession can carry or force it. The attack is more precisely planned, and the defence equally, than with us; that is to say, that each man has his own particular place and duty more exactly assigned to him. Thus here we have the wedge of attack thrusting to drive through the wall of defence, the man with the ball as the "thin edge," as we say—a pure thruster—the others, on each side of him, each with his own assigned job in tackling and thrusting off those that would tackle the ball-bearer. There is no hampering rule in that



"THE RELAY RUNNER."

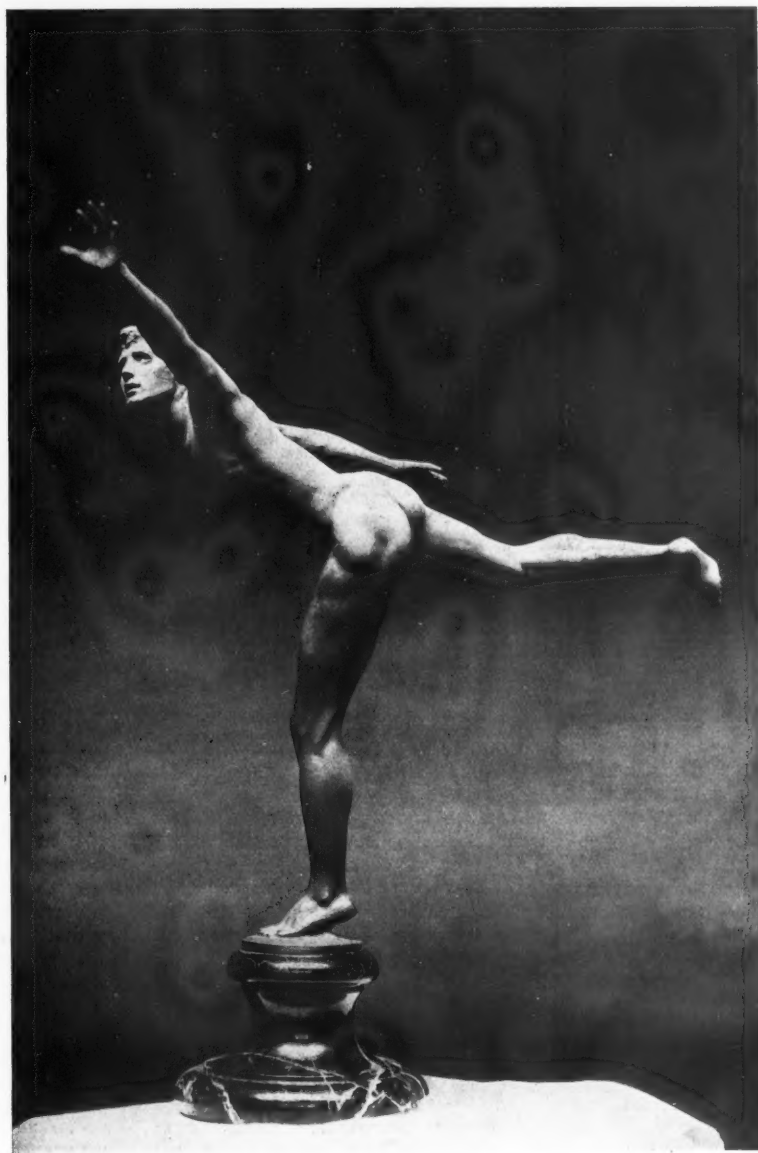
others which have gained a popularity that appears in exact proportion to their unlikeness to nature. The Greeks—their affirmation seemed to be—have said the last word in reproduction of the human figure in stone and metal and all hard substances. We have a word further to say, a word beyond all that Nature herself can say. Of such kind, as it would seem, was their motive. Dr. Tait Mackenzie, if we accept his bronzes as speaking his thought, deems otherwise. He can conceive that sculpture interpreting purely natural movement and expression, with careful precision, yet with judicious selection, still can say something in the Grecian manner which the Greeks left unsaid. Distinctly this sculptor is a Grecian; a modern generation of critics may have at him with that fearsome epithet "Academic." He may accept it; and he may survive it. Really he does not need, at this hour in his career, to concern himself seriously with criticism. He has found abundant recognition. He is to be met as an exhibitor in the *Salon* and the Royal Academy. We have examples of his work in the Ashmolean at Oxford and the Fitz-William at Cambridge. The large plaque of the three runners in the utmost stress of endeavour, which he entitles "The Joy of Effort," has been set into the wall of the Stadium at Stockholm to commemorate the Olympic Games held there in 1912. A

strenuous man to man work, such as ours, which forbids the tackling of any player who has not hold of the ball. To all familiar with the American game the action of each struggler here has its proper meaning, but it would take too long to interpret it lucidly for readers who do not intimately know the points of that game. Another figure which by its title seems to portray an incident of American and not of British athletics is the "Relay." The "relay" race, in which one of a company, stationed at a certain post, snatches the "baton" from another who has raced with it to him, and thence himself races to hand it to another at a station ahead again—this form of combined sprinting is far more popular there than here. But, think as we may of it, the attitude is vital and expressive enough of any crouched athlete waiting expectant. It hardly matters exactly for what "baton" or other happening he is on the outlook. He is crouching, tensely, keenly observant, momentarily ready to spring erect and change his rest into swift movement. He tells us all we need to know. But we are in touch with an athletic act more perfectly understood by us in what Dr. Tait Mackenzie calls "The Flying Sphere," and had perhaps better have called, quite simply, "The Weight-putter"; for that is what it is about. We may remember an earlier weight-putter (by Thornycroft, was it not?); but in that earlier work the figure was inclined back, with the weight poised in the hand, before the throw had been delivered. Here the weight has been launched—the title is quite exact in so much as the sphere is indeed flying—and we see the figure "all out," as the American might say, at full extension, the right arm, which has fired the shot, forward, the left arm back, both with as straight a stretch along their opposed lines as the limb formation allows them. "The Sprinter" is another figure which has much in common with this. Here we have again the crouched athlete in momentary expectancy of the pistol shot which shall give the signal to start. The tensility here, too, is very vivid. Admirably executed, but less novel, is the seated figure which he calls "Blighty." The three last noticed were nudes. Of this we may say that surely never man was more dressed. It is the figure with which war made us pathetically well acquainted, as we might see it at Victoria and other railway stations—a Highlander in his full kit, home from the trenches and burdened with water-bottle, helmet, rifle with its greased rag about the lock and all the multitudinous paraphernalia under which it is the civilian's wonder that a soldier can move, let alone march. We do not know that anyone has given us a better presentation of "Blighty" than this. It is admirably impressive and true. But we have seen many of its species. That, too, is to be said of other soldier figures in this exhibition done in bronze. But it was bound to be so. No sculptor has not been thus attracted.

A quality which we may always find to admire in the sculpture of this Canadian medicine man is restraint. He is rarely reticent in never forcing the note. He will bring out all the expression which the form and its muscles, faithfully rendered, will give him; but he will not impose fictions or exaggerations upon them. All his handiwork has this veracity. It is evident in this "Blighty"—the sentiment is not forced at all. He will not give us any excessive gauntness or strain of feature to work on the emotion. On the contrary, the face wears the real "Blighty" smile. He has four studies in facial expression, showing "Fatigue," "Exhaustion," and so on. He has all the ability to enforce the appeal, but he does not strain it. We may see just the same quality in very different kind of work—for Dr. Mackenzie's talent has many modes—such as his "Doorknocker" and "The Child Pan," which are comedies. The "Doorknocker" shows the human form, with limbs of purely human measure, clinging from a branch so monkey-like as to suggest a study of some prehistoric creature whose development has not yet reached the thin line of division between the first human and last pre-human climber on the tree of terrestrial genealogy. The "Child Pan" is quite childish and humanly childish, no "Great God Pan," but a very puckish imp. The tale is long, and the few examples here shown can tell it best, with no more said.



"THE JOY OF EFFORT."



"THE FLYING SPHERE."

MOULTING of the YOUNG KING PENGUIN

BY PROFESSOR J. COSSAR EWART, F.R.S. AND MISS DOROTHY A. L. MACKENZIE, F.S.Z.S.

Photographs by Miss D. A. L. Mackenzie.

UP to a very late period in the world's history there were neither birds nor mammals, and but for the advent of an Ice Age some millions of years ago, mammals might now be solely represented by small primitive types and birds by lizard-tailed species, like the toothed fossil bird of the Jurassic rocks of Bavaria. As the cold of the Permian period increased, active forms able to range far and wide in search of food had doubtless the best chance of surviving. When to fleetness there was added a coat of hair or feathers, the ascent from the cold-blooded reptiles was greatly accelerated.

About the origin of hair and feathers nothing is known, but during recent years we have learnt something of the history of feathers from penguins. Hitherto, feathers have been especially associated with flight. It was assumed that the scales along the hinder border of the fore limb, by increasing in length and developing into long quills, made flying possible, but all the available evidence supports the view that feathers

coat is said to be worn for ten or more months, but the king chick at the Scottish Zoological Park started moulting when scarcely seven months old. The tail quills were shed in the last week of April, and it is worth mentioning that they made their appearance when the chick was only six days old. These quills were the only *true* feathers the chick had for the first seven months of its life. The "fur" first began to fall off from the under side of the flippers on May 6th: day by day the shedding proceeded, with the result that ten days later very few of the true feathers of the wings carried nestling feathers on their tips. A mature king penguin sometimes sheds the whole of its feathers in ten days, but in the case of the king chick under consideration the moulting occupied eighteen days.

As the illustrations show, the downy feathers from the trunk, under and near the flippers, were shed almost as rapidly as those from the flippers themselves. Gradually the moulting of the second nestling coat proceeded from below upwards until very little down was left on either the abdomen or breast,



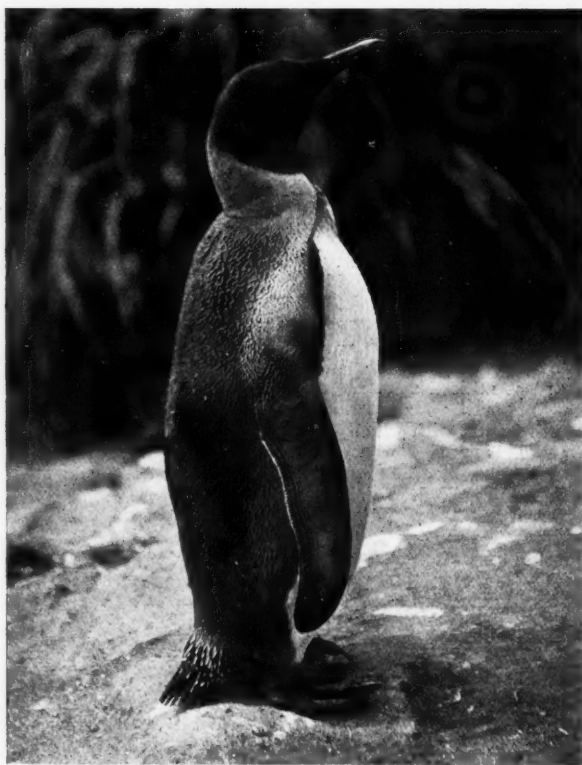
THE MOULT JUST BEGINNING.

were not originally acquired to enable birds to fly, but to help in maintaining the body heat.

An examination of the nestling feathers of penguins suggests that the coats of birds when in the making consisted of two kinds of down—an inner coat of very small, simple feathers (the preplumulae) and an outer coat of somewhat longer and more complex feathers (the first prepennae or protoptiles). For how long the plumage of birds consisted of these two simple coats of nestling down it is impossible to say, but it may be assumed that birds in which the first simple coats were gradually displaced by longer and thicker coats had the best chance of surviving. In other words, new varieties in which the minute preplumulae were superseded by true down (plumulae) and the short first prepennae were superseded by the long second prepennae (mesoptiles) succeeded best in the struggle for existence.

In the king penguin chick bred in the Scottish Zoological Park (October 24th, 1919) the first nestling coat was poorly developed, but the prepennae forming the second nestling coat soon made their appearance, and continued to grow till in some areas they were nearly $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long (87mm.).

The fur-like nature of the second generation of prepennae is exceedingly well brought out in Miss Mackenzie's photographs (which feel as well as look like fur). In penguins reared under natural conditions in South Georgia, the second or mesoptile



WHO WOULD RECOGNISE THE BROWN CHICK?

and by the twelfth day true feathers had taken the place of the long, fur-like down on the greater part of the back. The long brown downy feathers persisted longest on the neck and on the middle of the back; but seventeen days after the moulting set in practically all the nestling feathers had disappeared, with the exception of a few on the eyebrows and on the back of the neck.

It is especially worthy of note that the feathers forming the first generation of prepennae are directly continuous with, and eventually pushed out of the skin by, the mesoptiles forming the second generation of prepennae, and that the second prepennae are continuous with, and in their turn pushed out of the skin by, the first generation of true feathers, just as in a like manner the first true feathers are displaced by the second true feathers. This implies that the true feathers are intimately related to the simple feathers forming the first nestling coat, and that if we succeed in discovering how the prepennae originated we shall at one and the same time discover the origin of the true feather.

The penguin chick has now acquired what may be called the "immature" coat. It differs chiefly from its parents in the auricular patch being paler and the yellow of the throat being less pronounced. The lower mandible also has not yet assumed the bright salmon-orange tint, although it is showing signs of beginning to change. Up to the present the lower



SIXTH DAY.



SEVENTH DAY.



EIGHTH DAY.



NINTH DAY.



TENTH DAY.



ELEVENTH DAY.



THIRTEENTH DAY.



FOURTEENTH DAY.



SIXTEENTH DAY.

NINE STAGES IN THE KING PENGUIN CHICK'S FIRST MOULT.

mandible has been black, and warm and flesh-like to the touch. Now, however, with the approaching change, it is growing hard and horny like that of the adults. As to when it will assume the adult coat it is impossible to tell.

Penguins reared under natural conditions are said never to enter the water till they have lost their brown nestling coats,

but our chick took to the water about a month before the moult set in. It will be interesting to note, should other king penguins be reared in captivity, if in their period of incubation (in this case seven weeks and four days), time of hatching, nature of coat, time occupied in moulting, and general behaviour, they agree with the one just described.

EAST ANGLIA: A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY II.—WILD GEESE

BY WILFRED EWART.

NIGHT yet reigned. There was no earliest streak of dawn or day. All was silent save for the whining of the wind around the house and the occasional heavy tramp of hobnailed boots descending stairs. For it was the hour—just before day—when the gunners made their way out to the seashore or fresh marshes on the chance of incoming geese. Without, one or two gas lamps flickered in the narrow street that led steeply to the quay. The quay was deserted except for a few railway trucks outside the big maltings—innocent of shipping, quite, for no vessel of burthen had crossed the bar since 1916, when, for some mysterious reason, a coasting ketch had elected to come up-tide with a holdful of barley. Since that day the life of the seaport town (as such) had died. The maltings themselves, which were large, noisy and prosperous, were the last lingering vestige of spasmodic activity. As the day went on, they would doubtless begin to clank and grate and rattle. Now they, too—the preposterous square high brick buildings, eloquently purposive—were silent and only in some obscure office a light burned. At the far end of the quay stood a grey stone pillar surmounting a few steps, set up to commemorate the heroes of the local lifeboat, who, a number of years ago, were drowned, one and all, in some great storm. Nearby was an octagonal shelter, also of grey stone, with seats facing every way, where the waterside worthies had a habit of congregating at any hour of the day. It corresponded somewhat to the village cross or four cross roads. Thenceforward a causeway or embankment led for two miles dead straight to the sea beach. This, as it turned out, was the favourite promenade of the inhabitants on fine Sundays. It was raised high above the level of the fresh marsh on the one side and of the salt marsh and harbour flow on the other. Now, however, all being dark, there could be seen only a few stray lights to indicate the situation of the town behind, and eastward over the sea a faint opaque grey that suggested the imminent approach of day. Boats, literal "cockle shells," tied up alongside the embankment and little disturbed by the calm flow of low tide, grated at intervals against the stonework or against each other. And how the wind blew! How the wind blew in from the south-east across the salt marshes, over the flats! No escaping it up there on the embankment. There were at intervals wooden seats which might conceivably—but at no other time or season—be the resort of those who like to take their ease above the seascape of a summer's evening. A faint cry came now and then from the marsh—always the plaintive, half-sorrowful call of the redshank, cries of gulls and other sounds too far off to identify. Every town and every locality—have you noticed?—has a key sound or scent or sign, a manifestation of personality, of individual expression. Far inland it is the cry of kestrel or plover or swallow's twitter or the ringing of church bells or the reek of churning butter or ripening fruit. Here, in the marshland, it was clearly the call of the redshank which frequented every brackish pool. Then blackening trees loomed up, seaward, skyward, and the long dark belt of pines became visible, but among them you could distinguish slender stems of silver birch. It was essentially, as you might presently discover, a marsh tract, a haunt presumably of snipe and woodcock. By the seaside were the sand dunes. No sheer drop, no white chalk precipice here. The inland fields merged in the marshes, the marshes in the sand dunes, then the pebbly beach; then the wide expanse of flat sand to sea's edge.

It was over a sandy spit at the harbour-bar, where an old lifeboat house stood, that the geese came every daybreak—or soon after. There were plenty of hiding places in round concavities filled with the coarse sea grass where one could wait on the chance of a shot. By the time this spit or promontory was reached, the dark sky had become barred with saffron and white and out of the greyness, sea, coast line and every neighbouring

feature gradually began to emerge. It was cloudy and very cold. At intervals, one or two gunners, longshoremen in blue jerkins, oilskin hats, and serge trousers could be seen taking up their positions, gun on shoulder, among the sand-dunes. The utterly flat line of the coast emerged with the marshes dim and grey towards Blakeney and northward the wide expanse of yellowing sand, the whitish sand-hills and black crest of pines. Birds came flying in to the shore—those which, all night long, had been riding out upon the sea. Herring gulls and black headed gulls, a few dunlin in close, drilled formation. An odd wader or two could be seen digging out slug worms beside pools on the mud flats, for it was low tide. A trio or so of duck flew inland very high. A solitary "cockler" or so, spade on shoulder, made his way out to his digging on the far flats.

Then—at 7.15 it was—the thin "gaggle" of geese could be heard. Nothing to be seen yet. But the "morning flight" had begun. And far up the coast might be heard a quick succession of shots. The fear grew that the wary birds might have changed their course this morning, flying up-coast over the sea and turning inland above a smaller bay or inlet. But it was not so. It must have been only an advance party or stray group whose feeding ground lay further to the north. For close at hand now came that strange, harsh, base clamour, rapidly approaching, which proclaims the birds to be a-wing and gives ample warning to the gunner. And suddenly they were espied—the main flight, a long thin eddying line, as though a pencil had been drawn across the background of sky by some unsteady hand. At points, two separate lines of flight converged or overlapped, so that a wedge or phalanx was formed, but for the most part the flight resembled certain formations of rooks—and the birds looked no bigger than rooks. There was not only one line, but a succession of lines, yet before crossing the coast they divided, some passing further up toward the small bay or inlet referred to, others wheeling in almost level formation high over the pine belt. As they travelled immediately overhead, it was possible to watch the rhythmical beat of the pinions, the sawing wings, the long outstretched neck. All the while went on the hoarse clamour of their united voices, toned down by their great height from earth. No shot worth trying. The morning was calm. The birds sailed far beyond. Many such mornings pass in winter and the shore gunners have to be patient. But come a night of storm and gale with a wind blowing out from land and the geese are at the gunner's mercy. To make headway they must fly low and your low, slow flying goose is an easy mark. Only you must let him get past you. The breast feathers will turn even heavy shot. But catch him when he is past and he hurtles to the ground, an unbelievably solid mass. One such morning had come the week before. In the course of a roughish night, the geese, unable to wash and rest on their wonted sandbank and unable to make headway inland, had been swept down the coast nearly as far as Cromer. Then, about eight o'clock, they came struggling back up-wind over the salt marshes, over the sand spit to their feeding grounds, slowly, lowly and exhaustedly, only to be met with a regular battery of shots; many fell. One man counted fourteen into his bag, great birds weighing 14lb. or 15lb. a piece. Everybody got two or three. You could not miss them that morning. The town lived on roast wild goose for a week afterwards.

Once over the pine belt and, as they well know, safe, they alight rapidly in the fresh marshes not far from the wayside station and fall to feeding without more ado. Something in the quality or kind of the grass attracts them here. Occasionally, but rarely, they move for a day or two over the sleeping town—at night—to the salt marshes. On frosty, moonlight nights they do not go out to the sea edge at all or only for a short spell, but fly some distance inland and alight on the fields, rooting up and feeding upon the young wheat, to the fury of the farmers.

All through the day, however, they will wander in great parties over the emerald tinted fresh marshes. You may see

them from the train, a grey line or patch against the greens. In the late afternoon, you may creep up to within 150yds. of them—walk up, that is to say, behind the embankment which runs down the centre of the fresh marsh and, crawling up its steep side on the stomach, peep over. And there they are—within easy reach of eye, but not of gun. A great drove of grey legs, with a few yellow Egyptians (from a neighbouring estate) on the outskirts. A short distance away a smaller drove of pink-footed geese, among which, or with the grey legs, a few white-fronted may at times be identified by the orange legs. You are observed at once. For at intervals in the thickly grazing crowd, spread out in a sociable line, is a bird which never bends down to feed, but remains with head and neck erect—watching. Keep still, however, and no alarm will be given. Wild geese are excellent judges of distance and have much common-sense. They feed on and on silently, only now and again a low guttural murmur breaking out and it is presently noticed that the grey flocks stud the whole marsh. The afternoon wears on and the light begins to fail. One by one the Egyptians rise and wing their way to their home in the black woods, where they roost in the trees. Vast flocks of rooks rise, too, and trail inland. Small flocks of golden plover and flights of duck sweep across the sky in keeping with the ceaseless correspondence betwixt mere, salt marsh and sea. Without warning there is a vast whirr—r—r of wings and a resonant clamour. What freedom in those wings, what delight of power! Perhaps it is a rehearsal of the spring flight to farthest north. For is not summer the joy-season of the geese—when, in some

hidden loch or fiord, remote from the eyes of men, the eggs are laid, the young reared.

But it is not so now. It is 4.25—the evening flight—so regular that in the town a man says, “The geese going seaward! Tea time—come along!”

High, loud, strident cries. The pink-feet call highest, the grey legs loudest. They whirl round, round, they soar and ever soar and then fly in circles until speckish against the grey sky. Soon the first detachments are out by the seaside, out where the receding tide leaves sand-banks high and dry, sand-banks that are inaccessible to man or beast. With what a “gagging” they descend! With what pleasure they splash and bathe in the little low waves all night long—and murmur one to another as the waves themselves murmur—and placing head under wing in conscious security, take their rest!

But there are many such flocks—the birds rise in countless numbers, in thousands. Once again the shots of the gunners are heard from the direction of the shore. Twenty minutes elapse before all have risen and the dusk is finally closing in. Even then that wild-free clamour goes on among circling flocks above which cannot be seen. In such high solitude and power is something of mystery and more. Sometimes an echo comes of the November night in Bourlon, when, unseen, the geese were heard above the roll of artillery and crackle of musketry in their southward voyaging—trumpeting and calling, crying out in brazen chorus—like souls fleeing from the thunder of the battle, joyfully passing hence.

IN THE GARDEN

LILIUM GIGANTEUM AT WISLEY

THE flowering of *Lilium giganteum* is one of the events of the year in the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at Wisley, Surrey, and this year the gigantic lily, planted in bold groups in the woodland, has flowered better than ever. Success is due to the unbounded pride taken in the cultivation of this lily at Wisley, and the great care bestowed upon the plants from their earliest stages. Given an ample supply of leaf-mould and a cool, moist medium in which to root, these woodland plants have never looked back, and a magnificent array of flowers is the result.

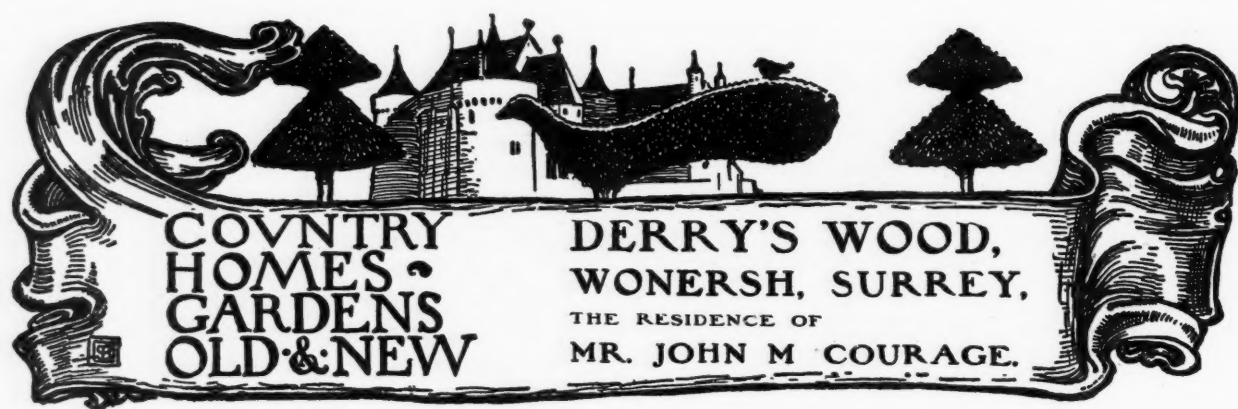
The accompanying illustration shows how splendidly the plants flowered this season. This magnificent lily grows as much as 12ft. high, producing many handsome white trumpet-shaped flowers on each spike. Some of the spikes are not more than 5ft. or 6ft. high. The flowering is best when the spikes rise to an average of about 10ft. This is a lily of most impressive appearance, and there is pleasure in store for those who have never seen it flower. There are few flowers, if any, which create a more lasting impression on the mind. The leaves are large, glossy and heart-shaped, getting smaller as they get higher on the stem. The large trumpet-shaped flowers, borne on terminal spikes, are very fragrant, especially so on warm, still evenings, when their delicious perfume is carried on the air far through the woods. The white flowers are slightly tinged with green on the outside, and there is a touch of purple in the throat. The flowers are funnel shaped, and 6ins. or even more in length. The flowering season extends from the latter end of June to the middle of July. We have visited gardens this year—one in Gloucester and the other in Essex—where the cultivation of this magnificent lily has been attempted and failed. In the former, failure was probably due to the fact that the bulbs were planted over limestone rock, where rhododendrons looked yellow and would not thrive at any cost. In the garden in East Anglia failure was undoubtedly due to the planting of the bulbs too close to the roots of large trees. In reality this species is not at all difficult to cultivate, and those who have a sheltered spot where the soil is rich and deep with plenty of moisture in the summer, will find it a most attractive subject for woodland planting. The soil should be prepared in the following way: First of all, excavate the beds to a depth of 3ft., then fill in with all sorts of succulent vegetable matter, such as potato heads, dahlia tops, indeed, any kind of vegetable rubbish that will readily decay. Let this be mixed with fine soil and trampled firmly, finishing off with a top soil of good compost. The beds should be sheltered from cold winds and the bulbs need a little protection in winter; just a light covering of dead leaves is sufficient. *Lilium giganteum*

could probably be grown in any garden where rhododendrons thrive. It is often a suitable subject for a well drained bog garden, and it might be planted among bamboos by lake-sides with good effect. When once flowering the old bulbs decay and disappear, leaving behind offsets that may be grown on for future effect. Give the plant a heavy mulching of leaves. This may be applied at any time of the year.

Bulbs of *Lilium giganteum* were collected in 1851 by Thomas Lobb in Nepaul, its native habitat. There the lily grows in moist, shady places, where it was originally discovered by Dr. Wallich. H. C.



GIANT LILIES, TWELVE FEET HIGH.

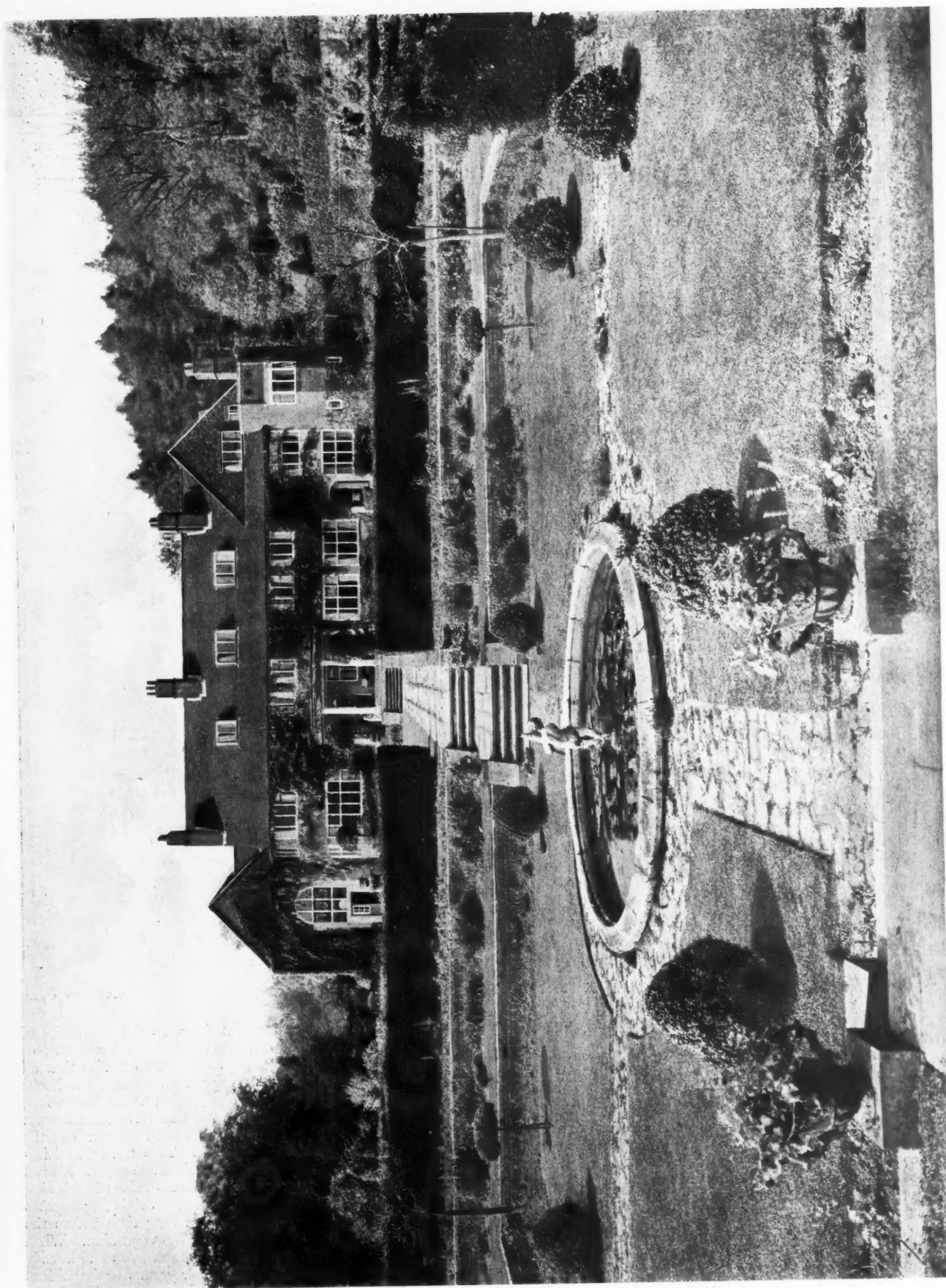


IT has been said of the craftsman that the more fluent his thoughts are as expressed in his work the less likely it is that he will be found fluent in speech. That might certainly have been said of J. F. Bentley. His achievement was high—no architect of our own generation has excelled it—but it was not his custom to “brush the stars” at public meetings nor voice his opinions in the newspapers. So it came about that he was unknown to the bulk of his own profession, and would have passed unsung had it not been that Westminster Cathedral must inevitably bring its designer into public notice. Bentley was essentially a man with a vision, a seclusive retiring man, whose buildings were not mere bricks and mortar on which 5 per cent. might be reaped, but fabrics embodying his glowing thoughts. He was both a great constructor and a great colourist. As pure construction there is nothing finer in modern architecture than that mighty nave of his Roman Catholic cathedral, with its gothic arches and its saucer domes, each weighing 700 tons, carried more than roof-top above the floor; while in the matter of colour, a gem like the Church of the Holy Rood at Watford shows how wonderful Bentley could be when he had full scope for expression. His name is chiefly associated with ecclesiastical buildings, but there are commercial structures, such as a distillery at

Finsbury, a warehouse and offices in Golden Lane, and two factories at Brixton, which exhibit his distinctive manner, while a certain number of houses stand as testimony to his ability in the realm of domestic architecture. His name is connected with the house called Derry's Wood at Wonersh, about five miles from Guildford in Surrey, though, as will be recounted, he did not live to see his original conception carried out.

It was in 1894 that Bentley prepared a design for a sumptuous gabled house of red brick, with half-timbered upper storey, to be built for the late Mr. Harold Courage and his brother, Mr. John Courage, on this site at Wonersh. “The splendid proportion and fine details of this Tudor house, with its stone mullions, its graceful timberwork, its richly carved bargeboards and its turret cupola, were to be enhanced by the dignified setting of a terraced garden.” When, however, the costs were gone into it was found that more than eleven thousand pounds would be required, and, though certain features were subsequently eliminated and the cost correspondingly reduced, the scheme as Bentley had designed it never materialised; more particularly because Mr. Harold Courage meanwhile became possessed of Snowdenham Hall, near by, and consequently had no need to undertake, even in part, the building of a new house. The





"COUNTRY LIFE."

2.—THE GARDEN FRONT.

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Derry's Wood we now see was a modification of the original, carried to completion after the architect's death by Mr. John A. Marshall (who was Bentley's right-hand man) and by the architect's son. These two, having worked with him for many years as pupils and associates, had become infused with Bentley's spirit and zeal, had assimilated his love of sound construction and good craftsmanship. The association was necessarily a very intimate one, and though, as has been said, Bentley was not a talker in public, in the seclusion of his office with his work around him the real man was revealed and the burning enthusiasm for his art became infective. It is necessary to emphasise this in connection with a building which Bentley himself did not live to complete, in order to show that those who carried out the work were well fitted to do so. Derry's Wood thus bears the Bentleysque imprint, so well defined, indeed, that it might pass as the architect's own individual work.

It was in 1903 that the building of the house for Mr. John Courage was begun. Several modifications of the scheme which his brother had abandoned were introduced. As built,

ground-floor rooms open off it. To the left is the dining-room, with garden-room and gun-room adjoining, and kitchen quarters on the north side; to the right are the drawing-room and the music room; while in the centre comes Mr. Courage's office, opening on to a verandah on the garden side of the house. Mr. Courage is a great lover of organ music, and a talented player himself, and thus we find the music room to be the largest and most imposing room in the whole house. It is carried up through the two floors and is lighted by large windows filled with stained glass, and, though there is no rich scheme of decoration such as Bentley carried out at Carlton Towers for Lord Beaumont, a general sense of appropriate embellishment pervades it. The room has a semicircular ceiling and is panelled for the greater part of its height with deal painted white, and in one corner a fine organ is incorporated. The other rooms on the ground floor call for no special remark. They are quite simply treated, with enrichment confined to the fireplaces, which have wood mantels and tile surrounds of rich colour. Nor is the staircase made an outstanding feature.



Copyright.

3.—GARDEN FRONT FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the house resolves itself into one of north-corridor type, with the principal rooms looking out south and west.

The site is high, the approach drive winding up a quarter of a mile from the main road through grounds well planted with trees and shrubs.

The entrance front, facing north, expresses itself very frankly. Like the rest of the house it is of Bracknell brick, with stone dressings. A semi-hexagonal porch projects in the centre and is carried up the whole height as a feature, with a leaded glass window (lighting the private chapel) over the entrance. This central feature is all of stone, the detailing being particularly like Bentley's own—as seen, for instance, in some of the doorways to Westminster Cathedral. To the left the windows lighting the staircase proclaim themselves, under the coved eaves which Bentley so often favoured, while further to the left is the kitchen wing with a square tower in the angle carrying the water cisterns, supplied from a reservoir on an adjoining hill.

The entrance leads into a lobby, which in turn opens into the hall. This is of corridor shape and, though of goodly width, with a stone fireplace centrally placed, it is meant expressly as a connecting and circulating space. All the

It is the garden scheme that demands the remainder of our attention. Looking down upon this from the house, or from the overhanging wood, it is difficult to realise that all was no more than a piece of sloping grassland when the house was built; excepting, however, one portion at the lower side, where the late Mr. Harold Courage had hastened to plant rhododendrons and other shrubs before even the plans of the original house had been fully settled! This example of impetuosity carries with it, however, a considerable merit. Houses can grow faster than trees, and the common practice of beginning the garden when the house has received its finishing touches means inevitably that one must wait a long time before the rawness of the place is toned down by vegetation. When Derry's Wood was completed some of the rawness had already been softened away, though it has taken many years for the gardens to gain the mellowed look that now delights the eye. The house itself is overspread on the south side with roses and wistaria, which embower the windows, but are nevertheless kept within proper bounds and not allowed to smother the architect's design.

From the ground-floor rooms facing the gardens we step out on to a paved terrace bordering a parterre, across which a



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4.—FROM THE CROQUET LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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5.—FROM THE TENNIS COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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6.—THE GRASS WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

path extends to some steps that lead down to the rose garden. The higher level is held up by a wall of Bargate stone, and the rose garden is enclosed by a cut yew hedge. Continuing along the path (which, it may be noted, is square-paved, and thereby has none of the restlessness associated with "crazy" paving) we pass into the sunk garden. This also is enclosed by a

cut yew hedge. It is on three levels and has a round pool with a lead figure as a focus of interest in the middle of it. A path runs around, leading right and left to a seat, and border beds of flowers add rich notes of colour. The pool used to have gold fish swimming in it, but the kingfishers came and ate them all up, adding insult to injury



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7.—STEPS LEADING DOWN FROM LAWNS TO CYPRESS AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—GARDEN LAY-OUT FROM THE EAST TERRACE.

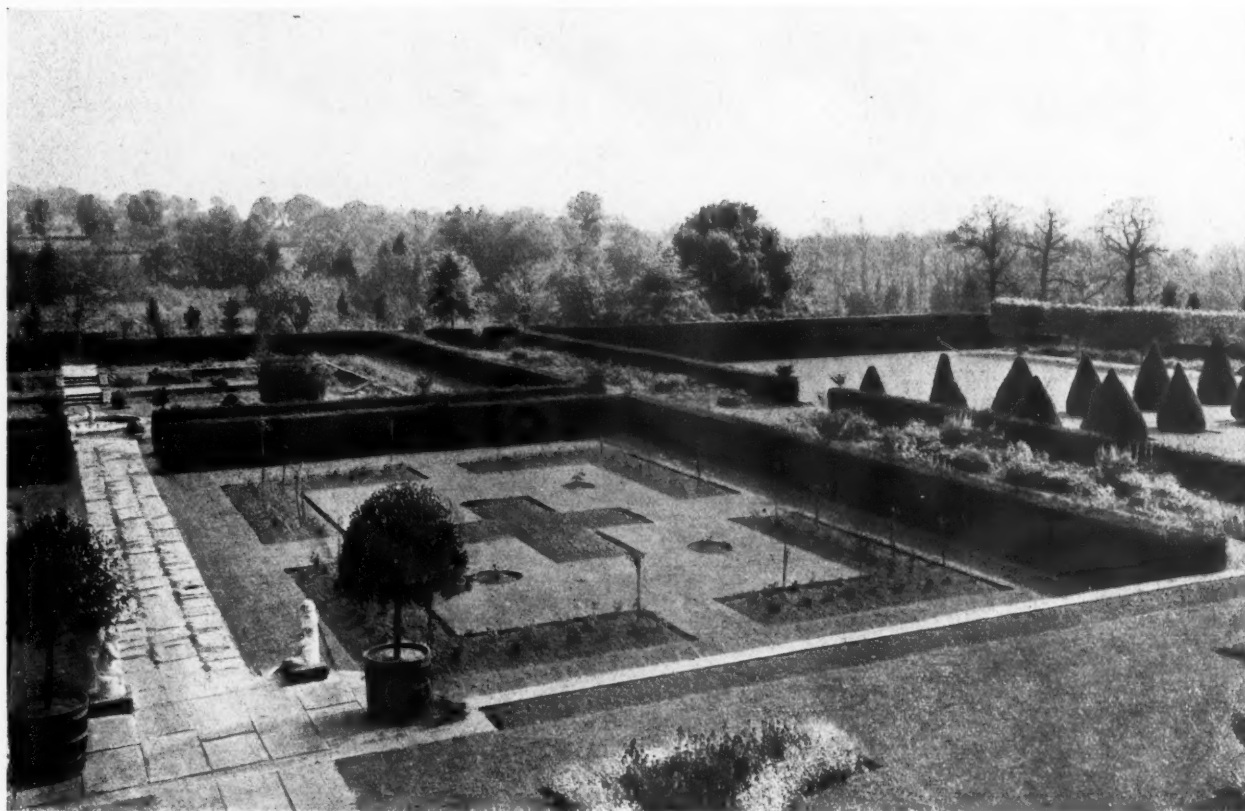
"COUNTRY LIFE."

by wiping their beaks on the neighbouring boughs, where red scales remained as evidence sufficient to convict!

Running the whole length of the parterre, the rose garden and the sunk garden on the east side is the bowling green, hemmed in on the one hand by the yew hedge and on the other by a stone retaining wall below the wood, which latter screens the gardens from the colder winds. The wall is a mass of fine colour, roses growing over the whole face of it, and in its thickness are three recesses, two of which have seats where one can sit and watch the game on the green. The third has in it a memorial to those in Mr. Courage's employ or within the circle

of his friends who fell in the war, among the latter being an architect-nephew, the late Captain George Alexander, who designed the lodge to Derry's Wood. The memorial takes the form of a figure panel in mosaic and enamel, set in an oak frame, with an inscription in Latin below. It was designed by Messrs. Powell and Sons.

On the opposite side, and also extending the full width of the gardens, is a grass walk flanked by wide herbaceous borders and having a sundial in the centre of its length. No more pleasant walk than this could be wished, the view from it on all sides being delightful. From it one descends a few steps



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9.—GARDEN LAY-OUT FROM THE HOUSE.

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10.—THE CYPRESS AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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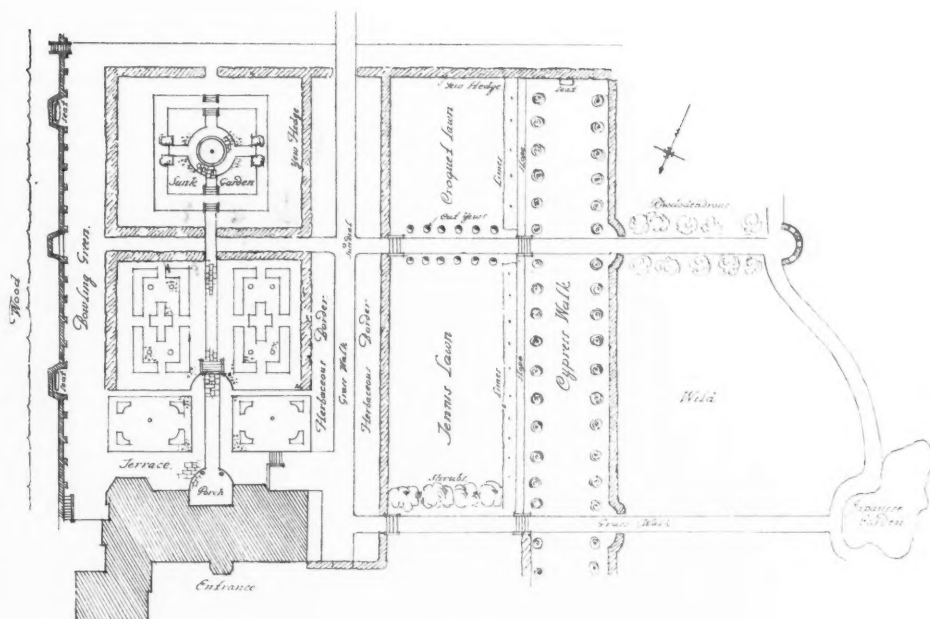
11.—LOOKING UP TOWARDS THE MUSIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to the lawns, one for croquet, the other for tennis, and in connection with the latter it is worth noting that not only is there a background of trees and shrubs that makes the ball clearly visible when being played, but also the lighting is correct, the court running north-west and south-east. In place of any dividing hedge between the two courts we have two rows of pyramid yews, standing as sentinels across the sward. Cut yew also makes the hedge above the retaining wall on the east side, but on the west a pleasant variation is obtained by a row of pleached limes. On this side there is another fall in level to what is, perhaps, the most striking feature in the whole of the gardens. This is a grass walk between two parallel rows of cypresses, most shapely trees of a beautiful colour; the space being enclosed on one side by a bank of roses and on the other by a cut thuya hedge that makes a wall of living green. In all, there must be nearly forty of the cypresses, and though it is not so many years since they were planted, they are already about fifteen feet in height. There is a solemnity about them which makes a walk along this grassy avenue almost a religious observance. The formal manner of their setting produces, too, an architectural effect. Passing through a shaped opening in the thuya hedge we go along another grass walk, and here on either side are seen masses of rhododendrons, while as a terminal feature is a stone-built "outlook" over the countryside. The formal character of the garden layout terminates at this point. Thence we wander along a serpentine path through the "wild," where are scores of beautiful young trees, including many varieties rare to this country; and at the end of the walk we come upon the Japanese garden, lately finished. It consists of an irregularly shaped pond with islands and little bridges, and vegetation of an Eastern kind, a background being formed on one side by a large clump of bamboos, whose luxuriant growth looks almost tropical; but everything seems to grow wonderfully in these gardens, whether it be rambler roses on the walls, wild strawberries on the stone steps, or a foreign tree like the Chinese elm in the "wild" area. A grass path leads from the Japanese garden straight back to the house, arriving at the end of the herbaceous walk next the music-room.

It is all a very pleasant place; a garden with every sort of enjoyment in it, and at any time of the year, and all contrived very fittingly in relation to a delightful house.

R. RANDAL PHILLIPS.



12.—GARDEN PLAN.



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13.—DRY WALLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

BAMBOO EXPLOITATION IN INDIA

By W. RAILT, CELLULOSE EXPERT TO THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.



BAMBOOS BEING DRAGGED FROM FOREST TO RIVER.



BAMBOO RAFTS AT COLLECTING DEPOT.

IT is scarcely possible to conceive the existence of the Burman without bamboo. To him it is as necessary as snow to the Eskimo, only more so. His house, with the exception of some straw or leaf thatch, is entirely composed of it. Household utensils and requisites of all kinds, fencing, bridges, weapons, tools and implements are all made of it, and the young and tender shoots he eats. An attempt by the forest authorities to catalogue its uses lost itself in the hundreds. A considerable quantity is used as dunnage by the exporting steamers, but so enormous are Burma's reserves that all these demands, numerous and universal as they are, scarcely consume one-quarter of 1 per cent. of the annual growth.

In view of the proposals now being elaborated to use bamboo to produce pulp for papermaking the photographs illustrating this article have a special interest. In particular they show graphically the splendid facilities possessed by the country for transport of the raw material direct to manufacturing sites by water—sites which in many instances are themselves in direct touch, also by water, of deep-sea ports. None of the illustrations calls for any elucidation except the second, where we see the wonderful "snake" raft threading its way, apparently without guidance and as if it were running on an underwater tramway, through a narrow and tortuous river defile. In building the raft ten to fifteen bamboos are threaded on to a bamboo strip passed through notches cut into the hollow interior of the end internode, and are thus firmly locked together into a flake or hurdle, of which all the longitudinal bars are lying closely together. The other ends—the thin ends—are left entirely free. Six to ten of these hurdles, built up on top of each other, form one raft section. The next section is simply laid on top of the first at about a third of its length in pick-a-back fashion, and so on with the others until a total length of sometimes 200yds. is produced. It will be seen that the result is great flexibility, combined with a precise follow-my-leader capacity in smooth waters. If the leading section is piloted free from the banks and obstructions and kept in the free flowing channel the others will obediently follow in the same exact course, as is shown by the illustration.

The prospects of the new industry appear to be exceedingly good. It deals with a raw material which is an annual growth, instead of taking the thirty to sixty years required to bring a spruce tree to pulp wood size, and one for which there is no other demand, for the local consumption above referred to is negligible in its amount. The Government of India has for ten years past taken an active part in the research and experimental work incidental to the establishment of the industry, with the result that the local Governments of Burma and Bengal have now concluded arrangements with several parties for its exploitation on a commercial scale. In view of the present scarcity and high price of paper and pulp it is to be hoped these efforts will obtain the success they deserve.

The photographs were taken by Mr. R. S. Pearson, C.I.E., Forest Economist to the Government of India.



A BAMBOO "SNAKE" RAFT FLOATING DOWN RIVER.

COUNTRY HUMOUR

WIT is born of the town: humour of the country. As iron sharpeneth iron, so wit is cleared and rarified by free intercourse with other wit. No soul quickeneth itself, and at various times and in divers ages men have gathered together at coffee houses, breakfasts, clubs and societies so that intellect might be fertilised by intellect. But humour belongs to an isolated and slow life. It is engendered in leisure and is born of incongruity, drollery and delightful ignorance. The Rev. W. S. Money has an eye for it of the kind that Shakespeare seems to have possessed, though he cannot play with and intensify and beautify it as the great dramatist did. Mr. Money in days gone by was a curate of the tribe of Charles Kingsley, that is, an exponent of muscular Christianity. In college and afterwards he was famed on the cricket field. He was a hero of the illustrated papers in the early seventies, as is shown in a group reproduced from the *Graphic* of 1871, showing the crack gentlemen players of that day. Into the rural parish Mr. Money carried a thorough-going devotion to sport, sincere Christianity that was utterly devoid of cant and affection, and a hearty enjoyment of the whims and oddities provided by his rustic congregation. It is not usual in a review any more than in a bill of fare to begin with the best dish, but one cannot help breaking the rule for once. This is a story the like of which Shakespeare might have listened to before he minted his immortal watchman.

Some years ago a man in my parish had his leg amputated, and the clerk of the Burial Board was approached with a view to the interment of the limb in the cemetery. One day the clerk crossed the road and said to me:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but a gentleman came to me the other day and wanted to bury a leg in the cemetery; but I didn't know what to charge him."

I told him I was afraid that I couldn't help him, and we parted. A day or two afterwards he again accosted me, saying:

"Beg your pardon, sir, but I've made that all right about the leg; I charged him for a stillborn baby."

That surely has the right country flavour about it. Another, almost equally delightful, is that about a Miss Simpkins who always thought she was dying and was accustomed to go to the window and call her neighbour: "Mrs. Stevens, come up quick! I'm a-sinking! Come up quick! I'm a-sinking!" But some few years afterwards she got married, and before doing so went to the parson to ask his advice, she giving the following reason for getting married:

"You see, sir, the other night I got up out of bed and I tumbled down on the floor, and I hadn't nobody to pick me up again, so I thought it was time I got married."

Here is a small boy of the kind we know. He went to a private school in the parish but lived as a boarder.

He was very devoted to bananas. He always went home on Sundays for luncheon. One day a prying eye conned his diary, in which was found written down against the following Sunday: "Remember to leave room for bananas."

Country people often are amusing about the most solemn and dreadful act in life, the leaving of it. The following story is amusing, but in that kind of way which is accompanied by a moisture of the eye.

One year I prepared an elderly woman for Confirmation. Very soon after she was confirmed she was taken ill. I used to go to see her and try to persuade her to let me give her her first Communion; but she wouldn't let me, because she was most anxious to receive it in the Church. At last she came to realise that it was to be her last illness and gave in, asking me to come and administer it to her. As soon as she had asked me, she burst into tears and said: "I did look forward to amoosin' myself with that a bit." Dear old soul, one knew quite well what she meant, but it was a very quaint way of expressing it.

Here is another one about marriage:

Canon Hoste of Farnham told me that once a Suffolk man and a Suffolk woman came to be married. When the parson bade the woman to repeat after him, "To love, honour, and to obey," she said "bey" instead of "obey." He tried several times to get her to say it correctly, but always with the same result. At last the bridegroom waxed wroth and said to the parson, "Do yeou let her alone; let her say "bey" if she likes; I'll make her say 'O' as soon as I get her home."

There are several pages devoted, as might be expected, to the humours of cricket. One refers to the memorable 'Varsity match played in 1870 when Mr. Money was Captain of the Cambridge Eleven.

The match, in my judgment, was going well when Oxford were in for their last innings. The wickets were falling steadily. One very good bat was in and he popped up a little gentle catch to a fieldsman who was usually a safe catch. To my dismay it went right through his hands. I said to him: "Oh, what have you done?" "I'm awfully sorry, Walter. I was looking at Lady — getting out of a drag," was his answer.

When playing in the Gentlemen and Players match at the Oval he had an experience which he describes as follows:

I was fielding at deep square leg when a waiter came out of the crowd and handed me a note. This was the note: "Mr. Money, you have got a large hole in the seat of your trousers."

Here is one of his shooting anecdotes:

I had a friend once, a doctor and a sportsman, who went out shooting one morning. As he neared a signal box he saw a hare sitting in the gap of a hedge. He bowled it over, but on going to pick it up, to his disgust he found it was a stuffed one. The signalman came out with a grin on his face and said "You're the sixth has shot that this morning." The rascal had placed it there as a trap for ardent sportsmen.

And here is a fishing one:

A gentleman was fishing with an Irish boatman off the coast of Ireland. Close by he saw another man fishing in a boat, quite naked. He asked his boatman what he was doing. Said the man, "Sure, yer Honour, that's Pat." The gentleman said "Yes, but whatever is he doing without any clothes?" The answer came: "Sure, yer Honour, it's Pat in disguise. Yer see, it's this way, yer Honour, the police are after Pat and they know him by the patches on his breeches."

And let us finish with a Church story:

I was told that a certain Bishop, very prominent in Temperance work, was trying to reform a business man in the chief town of his Diocese. One day the Bishop met him evidently the worse for drink, so he lovingly put his hand on his shoulder. "Oh, my dear friend, I am so sorry, drink again." To which the man replied, "Yes, Bishop, drink again, but, there, so long as you're sorry we'll say no more about it."

THE ESTATE MARKET

HOUSES BY GREAT ARCHITECTS

QUENBY, having fallen short of the reserve at Hanover Square, is now to be offered at Leicester. The Berechurch Hall estate of 2,790 acres near Colchester was offered for Mrs. Hetherington, as a whole, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The biddings commenced at £70,000 and ended at £80,000, when the property was withdrawn without any price being publicly disclosed. The estate was sold in lots at Colchester on Thursday.

SALE OF A LUTYENS HOUSE.

FOLLY FARM, Mrs. Merton's Berkshire residence, designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have to offer in September the Pawlett estate, near Bridgwater, adjoining the River Parrett, extending to 2,686 acres. It includes the Pawlett Hams and Meads of 1,400 acres, reputed to be the richest grazing land in England.

AN INIGO JONES MANSION.

WEST WOODHAY HOUSE, the Inigo Jones mansion, near Newbury, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, together with farms, small holdings and woodlands aggregating 1,467 acres. The estate affords good sporting facilities, and the architectural beauty of the mansion is appropriately set in wide spreading well timbered lawns, formal gardens and yew-hedged rose gardens. The date assigned to West Woodhay House, by Triggs and Tanner in their book on Inigo Jones, is 1635, and they remark that this house affords one of the earliest examples of the use of rubbed brickwork.

LARGE LANDED PROPERTIES.

MANY important estates have recently been placed with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley for disposal by auction, a few of the more interesting being Lord Kensington's St. Bride estate of 3,600 acres, eight miles of the Pembrokeshire coast, and including the Islands of Skomer, Midlard and Grassholm; the Chute Lodge estate of 1,300 acres near Andover, for Lady John Joicey Cecil; Dunala-stair, Perthshire, 20,000 acres, with the deer forest, grouse moors and salmon fishing; the historical estate of Baron Hill, in the Isle of Anglesey, 4,200 acres, including the town of Beaumaris; the Ospisdale and Airdens estates of 4,100 acres on the Dornoch Firth, and sporting estates of 61,000 acres in Ross, Sutherland and Cromarty for Mr. Ewing Gilmour.

All Souls College have decided to realize some 1,000 acres of their landed property in Kent; and other important auctions by the Hanover Square firm include Craig-y-Nos Castle, the residence of the late Madame Patti; Colonel Thomas Salt's Standon Hall estate, Eccleshall, over 1,000 acres; Lord Northbrook's Stratton estate of 4,000 acres in Hampshire; Sir Daniel Gooch's Hylands estate near Chelmsford of 4,000 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. G. B. Hilliard and Son); some 5,000 acres of Sir Gerald Mildmay's Dogmersfield estate, Hampshire; the Busbridge Hall estate near Godalming of 1,400 acres for Mr. Percy Graham North (in conjunction with Messrs. Debenham); Goldings, Hertford, for Captain Reginald Abel Smith, with 600 acres (in conjunction with Messrs. Braund and Oram); the Nether Hall estate of 1,000 acres near Bury St. Edmunds; the Gelli-Gynan estate, between Ruthin and Mold of 1,500 acres; and Mr. C. T. Garland's sporting estate, Moreton Hall, Warwickshire.

KENWOOD: OPTION TO PURCHASE.

THE suggestion, published in COUNTRY LIFE a fortnight ago, in favour of the transference of the University of London to Lord Mansfield's Kenwood estate, Hampstead, has been received with growing favour. As our readers are aware, a new factor has been introduced by this proposal into the calculations of those who desire to see the estate preserved as an adjunct of Hampstead Heath. The Senate of the University has resolved to defer any decision, as to the action to be taken in regard to the Government's offer of a site in Bloomsbury, until after the recess. In the meanwhile we have authority for stating that the Kenwood Preservation Committee, of which Sir Arthur Crosfield is chairman, and Lord Leverhulme and other

residents of Hampstead and Highgate are members, have settled the terms of an option to purchase the estate. The idea is to dispose of outlying parts of the estate and to conserve a considerable portion of the rest of the property as a public open space. One suggestion that is very heartily approved in certain influential quarters is that the Adam mansion, which has been described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, should be made use of in connection with the University, in the event of its being transferred to the Northern Heights.

EMBLEY PARK, HANTS

THE accuracy of the valuations arrived at by Messrs. Daniel Smith, Oakley and Garrard in fixing the reserves of the Embley Park estate, Hants, was strikingly revealed by the result of the auction. The beautiful old home of Florence Nightingale evoked an offer, as a whole, of £110,000. As this was unacceptable the sale piecemeal was proceeded with, the provisional contracts which had been made with seventeen of the tenants being confirmed. These, it should be explained, were entered into subject to the right of the vendor, Major Spencer Chichester, to disregard them in the event of his being able to dispose of the property in its entirety. They represented about £24,000 worth of land, and the auction added another £26,000, under the hammer of Sir John Oakley. The sale was held at Winchester, and, in some ways, recalled to the mind another auction in the same county, now a quarter of a century since, when the late Mr. Christopher Oakley sold a large area of New Forest land. There was the same briskness of bidding, the same promptitude and courtesy in the conduct of the sale and the same satisfactory result. The mansion and 1,400 or 1,500 acres constitute a compact sporting estate of the first class, and remains for private negotiation, with one or two other lots. The thirty-seven lots sold have an area of 1,575 acres, and they realised over £50,000. There are 1,200 acres of woodlands on the estate, and the valuation of it, on a conservative basis, approximates to £44,000, most of the woods having timber ready for cutting.

BUSSOCK WOOD SOLD.

SIR MONTAGU POLLOCK'S Newbury mansion and 125 acres is among the sales privately effected by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. Bussock Wood was designed by Mr. Mervyn Macartney, F.R.I.B.A., consulting architect to St. Paul's Cathedral, and the house which he occupies in the same district, also one of his own design, known as Kennet Orley has also come under the hammer of the firm. Bussock Wood is a freehold of about 125 acres, within which is situated an ancient British encampment.

SKENFRITH CASTLE SOLD BEFORE AUCTION.

THE Blackbrooke estate of 2,000 acres, in Monmouthshire, has been privately sold this week on the eve of the auction, which was to have taken place at Hereford on Wednesday. Messrs. Simmons and Sons and Messrs. Edwards, Russell and Baldwin were the joint agents. The ruins of Skenfrith Castle are included in the sale with the Adam mansion, which, as stated in COUNTRY LIFE of July 10th, contains some of the first Chinese wallpaper used in this country. A long stretch of fishing in the Monnow goes with the property.

HEAVY BUYING BY TENANTS.

SINCE the Oxford auction of the Duke of Marlborough's outlying land on the Blenheim estate, Messrs. Franklin and Jones have been negotiating for the sale of certain lots which did not reach the reserve. Three-fifths of the £56,000, which have been realised, were in respect of private sales before the auction, chiefly to the tenants.

The Birchwood estate, on the outskirts of Malvern, 605 acres, has been sold mainly to the tenants by Messrs. Parsons, Clark and Bodin. A small residential property of four acres, called Acre Farm, has changed hands privately through Messrs. Edwin Fear and Walker. The Cottage, Bilton, has been sold through Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock.

Transactions just concluded, by Messrs. Constable and Maude, include the purchase for clients of Doddington, 6½ acres, at Caterham; the Malt House, 7 acres, at Hurley; and Home

Place, 18 acres, at Limpsfield. They have sold the mansion and 30 acres, completing the sale of the whole of the 240 acres of the Kenegie estate, Penzance; and the Mount, South Godstone, bought in at one of the recent auctions.

Just upon £32,000 has been obtained by Messrs. Franklin and Jones for eighteen of the lots of the Aston and Cote estate, the mansion and 480 acres remaining for private treaty. They have also sold Wintle Farm, Marston, 102 acres, for £5,000, and many other properties in the last few days, and they report "a good demand and ready sale."

Messrs. Mabbett and Edge announce that at the recent auctions they disposed of eighteen of the twenty-three lots of the Brayton estate, Selby, for £11,240, and seven of the eight lots of the Halsham estate, near Hull, for an aggregate of £15,230.

SUSSEX TOWN ESTATES.

TWO excellent Sussex properties have just been sold, one being The Hyde, Ifield, Crawley, 163 acres, by Messrs. Wm. Wood, Son and Gardner; and the other, Huntland with Little Hale, Birdham, 107 acres, by Messrs. Stride and Son.

An August auction is cancelled by the sale privately of Lord Abinger's Summersbury estate of 1,200 acres on the Surrey and Sussex border by Messrs. Hewett and Lee. Other Sussex property submitted during the week included an Elizabethan house, Basings, Cowden, described in "Archæologia Cantiana," for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons; and Southover Grange, Lewes, in Messrs. Harrods' list. The Tudor house has had many thousands of pounds spent on it in recent years. Henry VIII, Charles I and George IV visited Southover, and there is an inscription over the door of one of the bedrooms to the effect that it was occupied by the last-named monarch. South Kensington Museum contains one of the drawing-room doors.

Outlying portions of the Hemsted estate on the borders of Kent and Sussex, including some first-class farms, and a good many small holdings and excellent sites, near Cranbrook, are coming under the hammer of Messrs. Winch and Son, at Maidstone and Ashford, on August 12th and 17th.

SALE OF NORMAN SHAW'S "LEYSWOOD."

THERE are few finer examples of the country house architecture of Norman Shaw than that on the borders of Kent and Sussex, known as Leyswood. In order to increase the effectiveness of the site the drive to the mansion was quarried out of the sandstone on which Leyswood stands. A quaint gatehouse opens into the courtyard. The sale serves as a useful reminder that there is an active market for large houses, as Leyswood has thirty bedrooms and six or more reception rooms. Leyswood has been used for breeding bloodstock, and the riding-school, unsurpassed in the country, has a gallery for spectators. The acreage is not very large but enough, approximately 150 acres. The sale has been carried out through the agency of Messrs. Nicholas.

STAVORDALE PRIORY SOLD

THE Lovels, the St. Maurs, the Zouches and Sir John Stourton were successively patrons of Stavordale, and the last named built the nave and choir in 1443. When the Priory, which had been founded by Lord Richard Lovel in the thirteenth century for Augustinian Canons, was abolished by Henry VIII the Lovels regained possession of it. Sir Richard Hoare, an antiquary of some celebrity, eventually bought the Priory in 1785, and a few years ago Mr. F. G. Sage having acquired it commissioned Mr. F. E. Colcutt, a President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, to restore the structure. The remains are of the Late Perpendicular Period, and the chapel exhibits much of its original ornamentation, notably the fan tracery in the roof. As stated in COUNTRY LIFE of May 22nd, the Priory is in parts contemporaneous with Sherborne Minster. With 102 acres, including, of course, the beautiful grounds, Stavordale Priory has been sold on behalf of the executors of the late Mr. F. G. Sage, by Messrs. Duncan B. Gray and Partners, since the auction which was held just a month ago. The sale includes the entire contents of the house.

ARBITER.

CORRESPONDENCE

ETON AND HARROW CRICKET.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope that Old Harrovians better qualified to deal with the subject will have already written to you in answer to "A. C.'s" letter. As to the excellence of Eton cricket for the last seven matches at Lord's, an Harrovian would be cutting the throat of his own school by denying it, if he were poor enough sportsman so to do. I must be at odds with your correspondent when he compares the striplings of Harrow with "the Giants" of olden days. I only remember one Hadow, but he was, if I remember rightly, a small man. A. N. Hornby, known as "Monkey," as much for his size as his tricks, cannot have been much over 5ft. 6in. A. J. Webbe was, one presumes, a small boy when he first played for Harrow, although as desperate a batsman on a bad wicket as Hornby was. Jackson was not a big man at school, though so beautifully made, nor was A. C. McLaren. Granted, the Harrow side this year were not of that build which characterised the team in 1901. E. W. Mann was captain last year, if I remember right, and had C. H. Eyre, John Hopley and K. M. Carlisle on the side with him. Mann was the smallest of the four, and over 6ft., and Eyre was taller than Hopley. But there were some players on the Harrow side this year far removed from the "thin armed striplings." Moolman weighs about 14 stone; Enthoven won the Public School welter weight boxing at Aldershot, but will never see that weight again unless he loses a leg. Bennet is all of 6ft., and L. G. Crawley is obviously immensely powerful. The one stripling referred to is, presumably, young Collins, who batted magnificently in both innings and is a player of parts. C. S. Crawley is thin and small, but he is also young and wiry. A good deal has been said in disparagement of the coaching at Harrow. It has been said that it is left in the hands of old men, who will not vacate their position. Such a statement is utterly and very cruelly untrue. Nobody who takes the trouble to follow the teaching of cricket at Harrow, even casually, for the last twenty-five years can be anything but furious at the thoughtless remarks that are occasionally made. Twenty-five years ago I. D. Walker was coaching the sixth form game at the nets, with M. C. Kemp at the school as cricket master. Later, a little later, A. J. Webbe was coming down "at all hours" to coach likely candidates. Then A. C. McLaren coached the school and George Bean was the professional. Following George Bean came George Baker, perhaps the finest professional coach who ever lived; he always made a boy play above his form and coached each player on his own individuality. C. H. Eyre who captained Cambridge, came back to Harrow, which he had captained at cricket and of which he had been head of the school as a master; and R. O. Lagden who got so many blues at Oxford that you could hardly count them, came to Harrow also. With these two, with the occasional gruff but kindly congratulation of A. J. Webbe, the enthusiasm of Mr. Kemp and the cynical brains of C. G. Pope, Harrow cricket was assured in 1914. The war struck from Harrow C. H. Eyre and R. O. Lagden, men for whom the school grieved, and whom it was impossible to replace. Mr. Webbe could no longer go down as he used to do; Mr. Kemp, in spite of many difficulties, handicaps and sorrows, carried on bravely, and almost alone, through the war. Eton were, perhaps, more lucky than Harrow in that their games masters fell more "between the ages." At least, they still produced fine cricketers, and cricketers of the match-winning temperament. Harrow were a worried side, for some reason, and have not shaken off the effect of those days as quickly as they might have done. Nevertheless, though it is bold to prophesy, it is very possible that Harrow will do a hat trick within the next five years at Lord's.—F. B. WILSON.

SHIPBUILDING IN THE DAYS OF THE TUDORS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was discussing with a friend shipbuilding in the early Tudor days. I have always been under the impression that all timber used for ships in the Tudor period (more particularly during the reign of Henry VIII) was adzed out, but my friend is under the impression that sawing timber was known of in the days of Henry VIII, and the sawn timber used for shipbuilding.

Is it troubling you too much to ask you to verify this for me. When was sawn timber first used on any large scale?—H.

[We forwarded this letter to Mr. Carr Laughton, the Librarian at the Admiralty and the foremost authority on this subject, who replies as follows: "Although few technical details have survived of the ships of Henry VIII, a large number of detailed accounts of the expenses of their construction and of the materials used in it are preserved among the public records. From these it is clear that most of the timber used was sawn to shape, the adze being used, not for dubbing down planks from logs, but for curved work and for fairing up. It seems probable that this was the method in use in England even at a much earlier date. It is possible to test the matter, for there are in the Record Office a few accounts of the construction of ships going back as far as the reign of John. It is believed, however, that no student of nautical archaeology or architecture has as yet examined them systematically." To this may be added a few words from another well known authority: "I have actually seen an account of the building of one of Henry VIII's ships in which the sawyers employed outnumbered all the other workmen except the carpenters, and the man who showed it me said he believed that they must have had sawyers to make the Ark, because the men in the Stone Age used saws with teeth made of flints, and the South Sea islanders had similar instruments of which the teeth were made from those of sharks and other great fish."—Ed.]

DEEP TILLAGE WITH DOUBLE DISC PLOUGH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Many months ago, before pressure of business and absence from England rendered me unable to continue my "Ploughshare" articles in COUNTRY LIFE, I described and illustrated in your columns a double disc plough designed specially for deep tillage. I regret I cannot quote chapter and verse, as I have not the back numbers of COUNTRY LIFE at hand to which to refer. In the days gone by, also in your columns, I frequently and consistently advocated deep tillage for heavy clay lands. I was much scoffed at in consequence by certain farmers whose theories were that suddenly to deep plough such land meant no crops for several seasons to come. I think that perhaps the majority of such scoffers overlooked the fact that in conjunction with deep tillage I specified adequate drainage. I am quite sure that no scoffer had ever tried a combination of deep tillage and drainage, otherwise he would no longer have been among the unbelievers. Mr. S. F. Edge, of Ditchling, Sussex, whose natural tendency is to test in a practical manner every probable (or possible) improvement in farm machinery, is, I believe, the only owner in England of a special deep tilling plough of the type advocated by me, viz., a double disc. In this type the second disc follows immediately behind the first, but at a greater depth. A double depth of furrow is thus ploughed, and the action of the discs results in very thorough breaking up of the soil moved. My memory of the articles I had written in COUNTRY LIFE was revived about a fortnight ago, at the end of June, when inspecting a particularly fine crop of oats on a field of a new farm acquired last autumn by Mr. Edge. This crop was brought to my notice particularly because the previous farmer had always considered the field in question an "unkind" piece of heavy land from which he could rarely recover his seed. Naturally I enquired the methods of cultivation now adopted, and found that (1) the ditches had been properly cleaned out and dug much deeper; (2) the land had been ploughed about 12ins. deep early in September and seeded about one month later; (3) a heavy dressing of basic slag had been given. The query which I immediately put was: "How did you manage to plough 12ins. deep?" There are few British tractor ploughs which have the ability to treat heavy land to this depth. It was then that the Spalding deep tilling plough was reintroduced to me. The land was first ploughed with an ordinary type of tractor plough, cultivated, and then ploughed to full depth with the double disc plough. The oats were standing straight and strong and showed excellent prospects of a heavy grain crop. The crop was approximately seven feet high. I have satisfied myself on another farm that deep tillage of heavy clay

is the correct treatment for such land.—E. H. ARNOTT.

A WHITE SWALLOW.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I regret to say that immediately after my noticing this beautiful creature, as to which I wrote to you last week, it was shot by some miscreant in the presence of a large number of people who were watching its graceful appearance and movements. In response to a volley of angry remonstrances in the local paper, the murderer justified himself, as he thought, by pleading his intention to present this rare specimen to the local museum. Many persons, however, wish to have proceedings taken under the Wild Birds Protection Act, but no one, apparently, knows the procedure. Can you inform your readers what steps should be taken in a matter of this kind? This is such a flagrant case that unless something can be done, it would seem that the Act is a dead letter.—H. E. BELCHER.

[Our correspondent would be well advised to communicate with the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, at 23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W. 1.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A question was asked in your issue of July 24th as to verifying a case of albinism among swallows. I have pleasure in informing your correspondent that I myself, in October, 1918, had an opportunity of observing an albino swallow chasing insects on a sheet of water called Le Moulin perdu, a little way from the village of Labouheyre in Les Landes. As far as I could tell, while it flew to and fro, this swallow was not entirely white. The head and neck appeared greyish and the rust coloured marks on the breast were as much emphasised as is usual in the case of albino congeners. Its flight seemed less rapid and less sure than those of its companions and it did not appear to see any obstacles in its way till it was nearly upon them. I have never since had an opportunity of seeing it again.—RAOUL GELLIBERT.

STRANGE CAGE-FELLOWS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Some time ago a black rhinoceros in the Cairo Zoological Gardens became dejected and refused its food. All attempts to revive the pining animal's appetite having failed, a goat was put into the same enclosure with the rhino, which at once began to regain interest in life, and soon became quite well again. The enclosure was about a quarter of an acre in extent with a little hillock in the middle; this was the goat's favourite stand, and my informant used often to see the two animals touching muzzles in most friendly fashion. One day the rhinoceros got up in an extremely bad temper, and to relieve its feelings, hustled the goat up into a corner with such roughness that a leg was broken. The keeper removed the injured goat and managed to set the leg, which healed so well that Billy became all right save for a limp. Meanwhile the rhinoceros began to pine again and lose its appetite, but when the recovered goat was put back, soon regained spirits and health. My informant was in Cairo about a month ago, but the enclosure was occupied by some other animal, so probably the rhinoceros is dead.—FLEUR-DE-LYS.

THE MIGRATION OF THE SWIFTS.

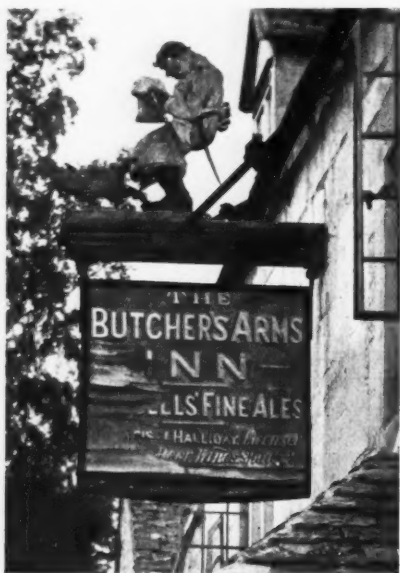
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—All the swifts, with the exception of a stray one here and there, appear to have migrated on the 17th inst. This is a full fortnight before their usual time of departure. If the bad weather had continued, one would not have been surprised, but as it has been steadily improving, their action seems strange.—E. A. R.

[An ornithologist says: "I am afraid your correspondent makes a rather sweeping assertion. Perhaps he refers only to his own district. I have seen swifts this last week in Kent, but, of course, local conditions would have their influence in causing birds to commence the return journey early. Swifts only rear one brood a season, and soon after the young are fully fledged they leave us for warmer climes. I certainly agree that they appear to be leaving us a little earlier this year, but it is very difficult to ascribe a cause to the migratory movements of any birds."—Ed.]

INN SIGNS ANCIENT AND MODERN. TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With the revival of the road brought about by motor travelling has come a renewed interest in the signs that hang outside the old inns. We are, perhaps, rather inclined to think that all the best ones belong to the past, but I send you a modern one by way of vindication of the present. This modern example is at Shepscombe in Gloucestershire. It was made by the late Mr. J. M. Bonnor, and is everything that a sign should be—delightfully simple in execution, and full of humour; and in connection with it some little tribute may be paid to the art of Mr. Bonnor and the enterprise of Mr. George Godsell of Stroud, who, on the suggestion of Mr. Morley Horder, the architect, made many of these inns gay with good painted signs. This particular one is the best. The dilemma of the butcher wrestling with the pot of beer and a wayward pig is expressed with the most delightful



THE BUTCHERS' ARMS AT SHEPSCOMBE.

economy of line, and an air of gaiety is given by the simple wood outline of the figure and the pig being touched with bright colours.—E. J. PALEY.

HOME PRODUCED BACON.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Long before the war the production of bacon was scotched by the "scare" of disease produced by the pigsty being close, in most cases, to cottages, yet I never knew of any disease or epidemic arising from the pigsty or pig midden, and I have known hundreds of the old style of cottage pig keepers, when in every village and town there used to be attached to each house a square pigpen or pigsty, either close to the house or a lean-to just at the end of the house, and these were not in any way offensive, the smell being rather agreeable, and suggestive of the farmyard—a smell which all true country folk like. With all these, especially village folk, one of the delights of a Sunday afternoon was to visit a neighbour, inspect his garden and sit on the sty wall admiring his pig and scratching its head and back with a stick. Even the old sort of parson took a delight in visiting some part of his flock to inspect the garden patch, look at and admire the pig in its sty and at the same time contrive to render a homely homily which his listeners found to their taste. Those too were the days of the village big gooseberry shows, and the growing berries were discussed: nor were such innocent recreations by any means worse than the golf, tennis and cricket pastimes which are now so common on Sunday, but rather I think the other way about. I am sure that all right minded people will welcome any effort that may be made to bring pig keeping into its own again and cause the cottagers' homes once more to be decorated with hams and sides of bacon, and bring about the revival of the pig doctor and the village pig clubs, all of which flourished in every village of size. These have been so long in abeyance that it will take some time to restore and bring again into favour the pig keeping habit which thirty years ago was the chief pastime of most cottagers and labourers in the wide countryside—when a pig almost kept itself—

with willing help in many ways by their wives and children.—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

A DESERTED DEVON MANOR HOUSE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Tucked away in a tangle of Devonshire lanes, within a mile of the old coach road between Exeter and Plymouth, stands the old Manor House of Moorshead, called locally "Mooshead." I often see it in my rambles, and always come away sad at the pathos of the old place, with its gaping sockets, which used to be windows, and its weed-grown porch. Somehow a strong feeling of homeliness still pervades the place, but its deserted air suggests comparison with an old man, who after a long life of toil outlives his usefulness and his friends, yet by virtue of a strong constitution cannot even find escape in death. Strongly built of good Devon stone, the shell of the house still remains sound. The slate roof is practically intact, and most of the principal beams are quite solid. Some of the upstairs flooring has fallen in, but the inside walls are bone-dry, even after a long spell of wet weather. For some reason the house has stood empty for fifty years or more, and is now used only for storing farm implements and reed for thatching. Sheep graze in the forecourt, and the surrounding land has been merged in a neighbouring farm. Some of the history of the house is related in a record—containing much sound wisdom and advice—made in 1593 by Robert Furse, whose father, John Furse, married Joan, daughter and heiress of John Moreshead. An ancestor—William Moreshead—in Edward IV's reign slew a bailiff at Rowden Cross. The Furse family came from Furse, a farm at Cheriton Fitzpaine, near Crediton. Robert bought the neighbouring manor of Skerrydon (Skerraton) and "he made the porch and enterie and seled the hall and glaste all the wyndoes." The "enterie" was probably the stone arch which stood until recently over the gate. The house remained for many generations in the possession of the Furse family. Many of the name lie buried in Dean Prior Church, in which parish Moreshead is situated. It seems a great pity in these days of shortage of houses that Moreshead should stand empty. A typical example of the old yeoman's home, the house presents a great opportunity for anyone who loves old places to convert it again into a comfortable and very interesting home. A fine stone-built barn on the left of the illustration could be converted into a splendid hall. One of the rooms downstairs—evidently the "parlour"—still has a perfect roof with carved beams, although the fine linen-fold panelling has been removed. Surely here is a worthy case for the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings, if it has been able to renew its activities since the war, although one would rather hope that some private lover of old houses would save and restore this gem of domestic architecture. Let us hope that the publicity of COUNTRY LIFE may discover the right man. Whatever is done should be done soon, as a spring has lately found its way into the back of the building.—JAMES THORPE.



MOORSHEAD AWAITING ITS PRESERVER.

A PECULIAR FLOWER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Among garden plants abnormal flowers are frequent and even among wild plants freaks



A CHERRY BLOOM BECOMING A SHOOT.

are by no means uncommon; but these abnormalities generally take the form either of multiplication or reduction of petals, or of the transformation of petals or of stamens into leaves, showing that both petals and stamens are really only modified leaves. A more unusual freak is shown in the accompanying photograph of a flower of the beautiful double pink Cherry J. H. Veitch. This flower appeared very late, after all the other flowers had fallen, and then proceeded to develop into an ordinary leaf-bearing shoot. Similar cases of such "axial proliferation" of flowers are known in roses and other plants, but they are so unusual that they deserve to be recorded when met with.—ROBERT GURNEY.

AN EXILE'S LAST TIE WITH THE OLD COUNTRY.

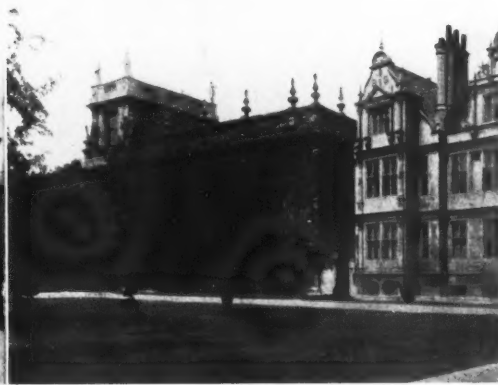
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have only recently returned from a trip to the Argentine and Brazil, and I thought it would interest you to hear a little story told me by a friend of mine, Major —, a mining engineer, who had been for some months in the interior of Brazil inspecting mines for various companies. At one remote place where he stopped for some weeks he came across an Englishman who had settled in Brazil for over thirty years, and who, to all intents and purposes, was a Brazilian. He had married a Brazilian lady and had made his home in Brazil. He had, however, one tie with the Old Country, and one only, and that was COUNTRY LIFE! Major — visited him last February, and found his friend one morning deeply studying a fresh number of COUNTRY LIFE which had just arrived. This was the previous August number. This is his only tie with the Old Country, and he takes it in regularly. Possibly this little story may amuse some of your subscribers.—K. J. MAPPING.

USE AND MISUSE OF CREEPERS



A—Trinity Chapel in 1890.



B—Trinity Chapel in 1900.

TEN YEARS GROWTH OF CREEPERS.

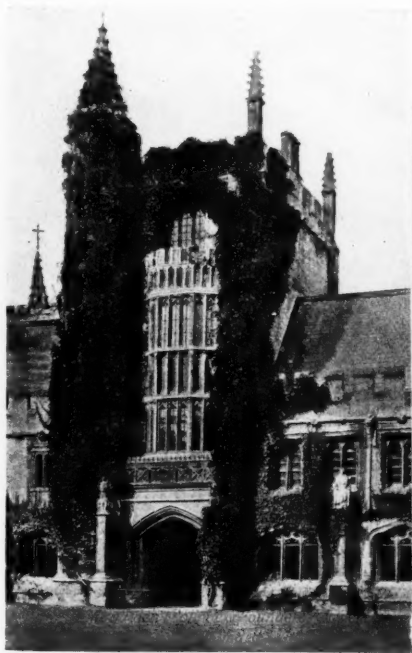
I READ with much interest Sir Geoffrey Butler's expostulation in your last issue against creepers in Cambridge colleges. I, unfortunately, do not know Cambridge well and cannot remember many of the instances he quotes, but from observation of similar cases at Oxford I have formed the idea, as to the permissibility or no of creepers on old buildings, excluding, of course, their destructive potentialities, that it should be founded as much on a colour as on an architectural basis. A natural love of verdure unconsciously leads men to allow creeper to grow in gravel courts but not in lawn courts: witness the grandeur of Tom quad, Christ Church, where, though there is not a ghost of a creeper, the great lawns keep it always fresh and bright. But only too often you get the proportions reversed, with results such as Peckwater, also Christ Church, where a total lack of any kind of green robs the fine proportions of Aldrich's buildings of a natural foil or setting. On the other hand, there is Trinity Grove, where not only is there a capacious lawn, but also an orchard; yet Aldrich is again the victim of silly circumstance, and in this case his famous chapel is immersed in Virginia creeper. Of the two photographs that I append of Trinity, A was taken in 1890, and shows the detail of the chapel; B ten years later, and the chapel is covered and obscured by creeper. C shows the Founder's Tower at Magdalen. I am glad to say that much has already been done here, for it is a thousand pities that any part of this beautiful tower should be hidden by such a growth. There are two very bad examples of neglect in the Turl. Jesus College is smothered in variegated ivy and Virginia creeper, especially the chapel—a charming Late Elizabethan structure now covered with ivy. The inner quad is likewise getting choked by coarse Virginia creeper. The other defaulter is Exeter College. I admit that the first quad is gravel, and a certain amount of creeper doubtless does enhance the excellent façade; but the entrance to Hall, which is beneath a very good

Perpendicular porch with a traceried battlement, is quite spoilt by a

most malicious and bosky clump of ivy that covers nearly all the porch. It is quite local and very ugly. In the Fellows' garden, which is bounded on the north by the Divinity Schools, the whole of the east front of the college buildings is covered by wholly delightful fig trees; if, therefore, the masses of creeper that cover the back of the Divinity Schools—the most entrancing buildings in Oxford—belong to the Fellows of Exeter, something really ought to be done about their excessive love of greenery, quite apart from the extraordinary laxity either of them or of the University authorities in allowing the masses of ivy shown in D.

One or two more instances I must mention. Oriel College Library, though admittedly not a beautiful building, being, indeed, but a weak and small replica of Christ Church Library—the west end of which, by the way, is being seriously invaded by a mass of ivy—is just filmed over by a ludicrous growth of Virginia creeper that looks for all the world like two days' growth of beard on a man's jowl, for it follows every variation in the surface with perfect faith, but just conceals the actual masonry. The same has happened in Pembroke; the first quad is thick with ivy which might well be greatly curtailed or wholly removed; and the charming eighteenth century chapel is covered by clipped ivy which fills all the spaces between the pilasters that support the cornice: the effect is again ridiculous. What is needed in creepers is that they should be of a kind that can be kept well in hand, and a special choice should be made of those that can be readily pruned and are of the wall shrub rather than of the clinging creeper kind. But even the latter, if they are constantly attended to and severely disciplined, are permissible. For instance, a wisp or two of Virginia creeper may enhance the beauty of Nicolas Stone's porch to St. Mary's Church, but it is detestable where, as on the south aisle wall, it is allowed not only to break architectural lines, but to completely cover old windows. I have already trespassed too long upon your time and space, but I hope that some of these instances will have as good an effect as others have had in the past, and that through your columns a little pressure may be brought to bear upon certain authorities by the outside world.

OXFORD.



C—THE FOUNDER'S TOWER AT MAGDALEN.



D—A BAD EXAMPLE.

STARTING IN RACING

A CAUSE OF SERIOUS UNREST.

LAST week one of the very best horses in training—Tangiers—was left standing still at the start of the race for the Liverpool Summer Cup. On the previous day Diadem and Tut-Tut were sufferers in a bad start, and it is probable that one or the other was prevented from winning. Both Tangiers and Diadem are notoriously well behaved horses at the starting post. In the case of the Tangiers fiasco the trainer of that horse lodged a complaint with the Stewards, who accepted the starter's explanation that the horse whipped round instead of going out of the gate with the others. One must assume that this was also the view of the Stewards, seeing that the start takes place quite close to the stands and every incident can be observed without glasses. Therefore let me place it on record as a simple statement of fact that others with probably far more experience of watching racing totally disagreed with the starter's explanation. There is no suggestion, of course, that Tangiers was left intentionally, but the fact that he was not in a position to start should have been noted by the starter, who would then have waited for a more favourable moment.

One is forced to the conclusion that there is lack of competency among certain of the starters licensed by the Stewards of the Jockey Club. The Hon. C. Coventry's starting at the Liverpool Spring Meeting gave no satisfaction. What occurred last week will scarcely bear thinking and writing about. You must have absolutely the best brains at that end of the race, an official with a personality who has the confidence of the public, owners, trainers and the jockeys; a man, too, with imagination and an intuitive instinct for seizing the right moment to act. Look at the consequences of incapacity. An owner may have the best horse and he has taken the precaution to secure the best of training and jockeyship. There is a rich stake to be won, but a fair chance is shattered by the inequalities—the lottery element—which are going on every day at the starting post.

There is also the question of betting, which cannot be divorced from racing. The owner may have made big wagers, but what of the public on the racecourse and throughout the country? They need some protection from the incompetent. It is useless to urge that if they must bet they must also accept any risk imposed on them. Great sums in the aggregate must be at stake every day, and I daresay it would amaze and possibly shock the world if they knew what was wagered throughout the country on Tangiers. Much of that money comes back to the racecourse, and it circulates and, incidentally, keeps the wheels of racing going round. But there is another point: When a horse is absolutely left, as in the case of Tangiers or of Milesius, in a race at Newbury, the public nurse an alleged grievance. The starter, they say, did the thing out of malice aforethought, or it was a plot in which owner, trainer or jockey, one or the other or all, were conspiring to plunder the public. That public has no discrimination, and I have no patience with the racing public for it has far less discrimination than any other public, but I know that their "scandal" does harm to racing. And that is why unfortunate incidents like those associated with the starting at Liverpool are bad for the general morale of racing.

The officials who are responsible for most of the starting in England vary a good deal in their methods. One man may be more patient than another, who will let the horses come moving in quickly so long as a fair start looks like being effected. The

rule on the point reads: "The horses must be started as far as possible in a line, but they may be started at such reasonable distance behind the starting post as the starter thinks necessary." One man may insist on the jockeys bringing their horses close to the tapes; another may give a broad interpretation to the words, "at such reasonable distance." So you get lack of uniform methods and consequent confusion among jockeys on the interpretation of them. The starter is more to be pitied than envied, for he has the most thankless job on the racecourse. A generous margin of error should be allowed him, for he is not dealing only with the equine mind, but with the human mind as well. The best of our starters need not be named, but he is not the man who refuses to admit the possibility of error on his part. The worst is obviously the man whose unsatisfactory work far exceeds that generous margin of error. He should let someone else have a chance.

Buchan, the hero of the Eclipse Stakes, goes to the stud at the end of the present season, and I venture to suggest that he will be found located at a place in Wiltshire under the management of Mr. Gerald Deane, who has the management of all Lord Astor's thoroughbreds. I do not know at the moment whether Lord Astor is retaining a primary interest in the horse or whether it is secondary in the sense that he has leased him. These details we shall no doubt learn in due course. One thing is certain: that Buchan should be assured of a successful career at the stud, for he is a charming personality and he is bred right. His next race is likely to be the Doncaster Cup.

The Goodwood Meeting is proceeding as I write and the Duke of Richmond will have no cause of complaint as to the receipts at the gates and the revenue from garaging the thousands of motor cars. How different the spectacle from some years ago, and what a new source of revenue the motor car has tapped for the owner of Goodwood Park! To be quite frank, this week's programme has been altogether unworthy of the meeting and the example it should show to over-burdened owners. Old and historic races survive, and one is glad of them, though such as the Ham Stakes and Gratwicke Stakes have their general interest reduced almost to vanishing point. But the selling affairs and certain of the handicaps are absolutely paltry in what they offer to owners, besides being altogether opposed in their conditions to the conclusions arrived at by the Jockey Club Committee of Enquiry. I mean in particular that the added money is inadequate and out of proportion to the high rate of entry. Such things were tolerated and uncomplained of in pre-war days, they will not do in post-war times.

A correspondent writes: "Now that we are at the end of July which do you consider to be our best three year old?" I name as an answer Spion Kop. Blue Dun is a grand filly and she might be the best of all at a mile or so, but I imagine my correspondent wants the champion to be outstanding at a mile and a half. I certainly do. We should know for certain by St. Leger time, but at the moment I vote for Spion Kop. Tetratema barely stays a mile. A mile is Allenby's best course. Archaic did not win at Liverpool last week like a good horse. Sarchedon has never got over that "blinkering" experience on the July Course as a two year old. Silvern may be the second best, Comrade, of course, is very good, but Spion Kop or Blue Dun should have won the Grand Prix. I think Spion Kop is undoubtedly first.

PHILIPPOS.

ON THE GREEN

By BERNARD DARWIN.

SHORTENING COURSES IN WINTER.

IT is gloomy work looking forward to January when you are in July, but it is sometimes wise to do it. I am sure many golfers would anticipate their winter golf with greater pleasure if they knew that some of the tees were going to be put forward. A two-shot hole is poor fun when only a Ray or a Mitchell can reach it in two shots: a brassey shot is poor fun played from a wet, heavy, worm-casty lie and you know all the time that you would be wise to take an iron. I was interested to hear the other day from a member of the Green Committee at Mid-Surrey that it is intended distinctly to shorten several of the holes there in the winter. I am sure this will make the course pleasanter and more interesting. The course is, from spring to autumn, exceptionally rich in real two-shot holes, but in winter some of them become far too long for any ordinary mortal. Take, for example, the ninth and the fifteenth, truly excellent holes just now with a fine carrying second shot to be played with a spoon or, after a really good tee shot, perhaps a heavy iron. In winter good drivers cannot reach those holes in two; they cannot even try, and when these holes become "two-and-a-pitch" holes nearly all the virtue goes out of them, because the pitch to be played has no great interest or merit.

Put the tees forward, however, and they would be capital holes even in winter. Everybody—long, short or medium driver—would be pleased.

RAY AND VARDON IN AMERICA.

I remember when Vardon and Ray were in America in 1913 Ray told me that "somehow he had never been able to get going" there. This time he seems to have got acclimatised successfully and played very well in his first tournament at Shawnee, though he could not beat "Long Jim" Barnes, who played brilliantly and won by six strokes over seventy-two holes. Vardon had hurt his hand and could not play. It was when these two were at Shawnee in 1913, by the way, that one of the American professionals made rather an unfortunate speech, too much in the style of Mr. Elijah Pogram's defiance in "Martin Chuzzlewit." It got him into sad trouble with some of the authorities, who resented it as a breach of hospitality towards British visitors. It is good news to hear that Ray and Vardon are to fight over again their famous three-cornered battle at Brookline with Mr. Francis Ouimet. It will be a wonderfully interesting reconstruction of the past, but I only hope they will not reconstruct the weather, for never was a golf match played under more depressing

conditions. It had rained for three days and was still raining: the ground was a dripping sop, and the players took towels round to wipe their hands and their grips. Mr. Ouimet is probably a better player now than then, but if he lives to be a hundred he will never play a better round than that. I have often thought over it since I saw it, and taking merely the weather conditions and leaving out of consideration Mr. Ouimet's youth and inexperience, the heavy burden on his shoulders and the overwhelming fame of his two adversaries, I really do not think I ever saw a better round played. Vardon and Ray certainly "cracked" a little at the end, but only one who was there can quite realise the golf they had to stand up against.

A CHAMPIONSHIP PROBLEM FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Some little time ago I was talking to a very well known golfer from South Africa about the Amateur Championship there. He told me, what I am ashamed to say I did not know, that it was competed for by score play and he was very anxious to have it changed to match play. Therein I sympathise with him entirely. It seems to me that for an Amateur Championship there is nothing like match play. Not that I would decry the other game. It provides a very severe test, perhaps the severest of all, but there ought to be as much enjoyment as possible in a game played by amateurs. Score play can be enjoyable, though it is rather a ghastly form of merriment, as long as one is doing pretty well; but when one is really out of the hunt, it is but poor fun to go toiling on. On the last day at Deal, for example, I met Taylor waiting to start, long after Duncan had finished. He had not the remotest chance of catching the leader and struck me as a very much bored man, though with his accustomed resolution he went out and played a steady and painstaking round. A professional has always a place in the prize list to think of, even if he cannot win. For an amateur to go on slogging with a card and pencil and nothing to slog for is still more depressing. Far better to endure the "short sharp shock" of being knocked out once and for all in a match and then forget it as soon as may be and enjoy yourself.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF DEFEAT.

Nobody likes being knocked out in the Amateur Championship, but some of the pleasantest days I have ever spent have been at a Championship meeting when that momentarily painful and disappointing exit has been made. There is endless amusement and excitement to be got from watching the more fortunate survivors. Or, for those who grow tired of watching, there are any number of good games to be played with good golfers. At the American Championship I was struck by the fact that the moment a man was knocked out he rushed off to make up a four-ball match, and there were really keen matches of this sort being played through the whole meeting. Even the final could not tear the players away. All this fun, whether of watching or playing, would be lost in an Amateur Championship played by score. After a round or so there would, at most, be only a dozen players in the hunt. All the rest would go labouring on; but I cannot believe they would be very happy. If once the South African golfers tried a match play Championship, they would never want to go back, and I hope my friend, when he gets home, will carry his point.

HOW MUCH DOES THE SERVER GAIN?

THE lawn tennis world has not been exactly stirred to its depths by Sir Oliver Lodge's letters to the *Times* on the old question of "One service, or Two?" Perhaps the lawn tennis world does not read the *Times*; perhaps it does not attach the same weight to the pronouncements of Sir Oliver Lodge as it would to a few bright words on the subject from Tilden or Shimidzu. Perhaps it remembers that a celebrated professor once proved, scientifically and conclusively, that it was impossible to drive a golf ball more than two hundred yards, and that that celebrated professor's son immediately went out and unfilially drove a golf ball 250 yds. Perhaps—and most probably—it contents itself with knowing that, however wisely professors pronounce their dicta on the subject, any attempt on the part of any governing authority to limit a player to one service would meet with the usual fate of bright, young-hearted reforms. First of all, the whole question would be referred to a sub-committee to report. Nine months later the sub-committee would report, if it had happened to meet in the interval. Some time after this the Rules Committee would consider the report, of the sub-committee and, after several meetings, refer it back to the sub-committee, which would undauntedly consider the matter for six months more, and report again. Eventually, from sheer boredom, the Rules Committee would accept the report, and the question would find its way on to the agenda of a general meeting of the Lawn Tennis Association. The following week somebody would write a letter to the newspapers, pointing out the absurdity of the proposal, whatever it might be, and at the general meeting its sponsors would be inarticulate, and it would either be ignominiously thrown out, or, by a happy inspiration, someone would

suggest that the whole question was one with which the International Federation was obviously fitted to deal. And then nothing more would ever be heard of it. So cheer up, you who love to slam in your first service anyhow, knowing you have another in reserve; the day is far distant when this delightful privilege will be denied you. Bash on, and fear not.

The whole thing arises from the common impression that the server has the best of things, and that something must be done to rob him of this advantage. But even the advocates of "one service only" are forced to admit that, if their proposal were carried, an even greater advantage would be conferred on the striker-out. When they are pressed to explain, syllogistically, how this will tend to even matters up, and promote equality, I have not, at present, received any convincing reply. The proper remedy for the server's supposed advantage does not lie in confining him to one service. I say "supposed," because in singles, at any rate, the advantage is negligible. I took out the figures of 1,000 games in recent tournaments the other day, to apply an admittedly infinitesimal test on this point, and found that the server had won 519 of them as against the striker-out's 481. The remedy lies in making it slightly harder for the server to get quickly to the net after his service; and this could be attained by altering the rule governing the service, so as to require the server to *replace on the ground behind the base line* the foot which he lifts from the ground in the act of delivering his service. As things are now, that foot is swung over the line, and next touches the ground well inside the court, giving the server impetus in his rush to the net. He would get, under the altered rule, precisely the same impetus, but he would have to start a yard behind the base-line in order to comply with it. And that yard would be sufficient to knock off a good deal of the advantage the server now has, because he would not be quite so far up the court, and, therefore, not in quite such a commanding position to volley the return of the service.

The year 1920 seems likely to get a bad reputation for weather among lawn tennis players. Rain everywhere mars tournaments, and, though players preserve their cheerfulness in an astounding manner, there must be many wallings over ruined rackets and spoilt clothes. But there is a humorous side to all this misery. As, for example, last week, when the unprecedented spectacle was observed at one tournament of four ladies playing in a double, only one of whom was dressed in the usual tennis kit. Her partner appeared in a dress she might almost have worn in a ball-room; while their two opponents were tightly buttoned up in mackintoshes from head to foot. And mackintoshes won! Socks over shoes, too, are becoming *de rigueur*, and the unloveliness of this device is fully counterbalanced by its efficacy against slipping on treacherously muddy courts. One tournament secretary last week did quite a brisk business in socks, the stock-in-trade with which she had thoughtfully provided herself going off very quickly at a premium. Thus, not only were the courts saved from the ravages of "steel points" but attenuated gate receipts were in some slight degree compensated for.

F. R. BURROW.

THE TATE GALLERY

WITH its reopening after four years interval the Tate Gallery begins to justify its official title of the National Gallery of British Art. Until now it has been regarded, not unjustly, as rather a white elephant; an imperfect combination of generous gifts and indiscriminate purchases out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund. As regards the latter, the problem has been too often how to hide the picture rather than how to show it. With the decision, in accordance with the recommendations of the Committee of National Gallery Trustees in 1915, to transfer to Millbank from Trafalgar Square a large number of paintings of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries British school, all that is changed; the range is extended and the gifts and purchases fall into proper perspective. Not only that, but, with the creation of a new standard, it is reasonable to hope that future Chantrey purchases will be made with more regard to the dignity of British art.

As to the new standard there can be no doubt whatever. One has only to walk through the ten reopened rooms to see that the Tate Gallery is an entirely different place. It is the difference between a jumble and a collection. The pictures are now arranged chronologically, and they have been hung with due regard to the prevailing colour of a period or phase. Thus, Gallery I, devoted to the eighteenth century, is coloured buff; while the more positive hues of the Pre-Raphaelites, in Galleries IV and V, are now supported with what may be described as plum-purple. The success of the first is unquestionable; the merits of Hogarth as a colourist have never been so evident, and even the defective drawing of Gainsborough's "Mistress Bathing Her Feet" is forgotten now that the picture has a sympathetic background. Speaking generally, the problem with eighteenth century pictures is how to coax out their colour; to play up to the "tone of time" so that the discreet reds and blues may tell with better effect; and for this purpose the tone of the wall could hardly have been better chosen. Here, as elsewhere, the actual surface of the wall has been made to retire by breaking or stippling the colour, so that the pictures seem almost to hang in space. Richard Wilson is a painter

who gains enormously by sympathetic hanging; and among the other works in this room which deepen respect for the eighteenth century are the sketch for Gainsborough's "Watering Place" and several pictures by unidentified artists, such as the "View of St. Paul's from the Thames" and "View on a Common."

Not less completely successful is the grey Gallery III, in which are hung painters of the earlier nineteenth century up to 1850, such as Constable, Crome, Etty, Wilkie and James Ward. As the names indicate, this is pre-eminently the home of naturalistic as distinct from classical landscape; and grey is obviously the right background. The finest examples of the period are, of course, still at the National Gallery; but there is enough here to make a solid, instead of, as hitherto, a sketchy impression. "Slate Quarries," by Crome, looks finely on the wall, and among the Constables there is an extremely beautiful "Cornfield," which, incidentally, helps to explain his influence upon the French landscape painters of the period. In this room, too, has been placed the splendid portrait group, "Mother and Child," by Alfred Stevens, whose merits as a painter have yet to be fully appreciated.

Opinions will probably be divided as to the Pre-Raphaelite Rooms. The problem, here, has been how to knock the colour down rather than how to coax it out; and, on the whole, the boldness of the scheme is justified by results. Anything is better than timidity with painters who were so very definite in their aims. What happens is that the brighter pictures are a little subdued and the duller ones encouraged; and it is difficult to think of a better colour than purple to effect the compromise. Gallery IV has been made remarkably interesting by the inclusion in it of works by forerunners and minor adherents of the Pre-Raphaelites; so that the movement seems less of an isolated phenomenon and more of a development than before. The "story" pictures by Robert Martineau and Augustus Egg

betray an intention which has lurked in British figure painting ever since Hogarth, and "Christ in the Carpenter's Shop," by Millais, and "Chaucer at the Court of Edward III," by Madox Brown, show its fulfilment by masters. Interesting sidelights on Madox Brown, by the way, are the enchanting "Take your Son, Sir!"—with the proud parent reflected in a circular mirror—lent by Mr. John Sargent, and a drawing of a man painting made when the artist was eighteen.

Rossetti and Burne-Jones have Gallery V to themselves; and there can be no question that the exotic colouring of the former, in such works as "Monna Vanna" and "The Beloved," gains in value from the violet-purple wall. These two painters represent a definite aspect of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and the result of sympathetic arrangement has been to create a special atmosphere of poetry, in which the "Psyche" of Watts and some water-colours by Louisa Lady Waterford find themselves quite at home.

The Watts Room itself—Gallery XVII—in grey green, is an unqualified success. Here again the effect is that of a special atmosphere—the shrine of the master, so to speak. The hanging has been done with great sensibility. "Death" holds her court at the end of the room, and on one side are the three "Woman" pictures—the two "Eves" and "She shall be called Woman"—and on the other the "Love" series. The room is so complete in itself that once inside it you are completely under the spell of the single painter and almost forget that you are looking at part of a general collection.

Of the new acquisitions nothing makes so deep an impression as the splendid series of Blake drawings; the illustrations to the Divine Comedy of Dante, acquired by a combination of public galleries at the Linnell sale in 1918. Until now Blake has been for many people little more than a name. Now he takes his rightful place as one of the glories of the British School.

CHARLES MARRIOTT.

SHOOTING NOTES

WOODPIGEON SHOOTING.

WITHIN a few weeks thousands of poulterers will be displaying fat young woodpigeons which are sent in from the country districts just after harvest time. Should you never have had the good fortune to sample roasts or pies prepared from the young of the wild species you will be well rewarded by taking the first opportunity that comes your way.

The flight of the young bird is not so strong as that of the parent, nor is it so exceedingly wary and shy. A day's pigeon shooting by means of a decoy, either a dead bird "pegged out"—that is to say, placed on the ground with the head propped up with a twig—or a wooden bird which may be obtained from any gun-maker, provides plenty of excitement. Moreover, most farmers are only too delighted to grant permission to shoot pigeons on their land, as the birds are exceptionally voracious and destructive feeders.

A good field of young clover, peas, beans or turnips invariably attracts plenty of birds. When the site has been selected, a rough bough shelter must be made. To economise labour in building, it is usually made to back on to a hedge, and the decoy is placed within a radius of from 20yds. to 30yds. Great care must be taken to place the decoy head-on to the wind, especially in the case of a "pegged out" pigeon, as otherwise the wind ruffles the feathers. Birds view any such departure from natural conditions with the greatest suspicion and will not alight. All that is now required is to take one's gun into the shelter and await results. The birds are not usually long in sighting the decoy, and, this done, invariably settle within 4yds. or 5yds. of the dummy, when the sport begins. Scores of pigeons may be taken in a few hours by these means, and, as already stated, they make excellent eating.

From the point of view of protecting our food supplies, woodpigeon shooting is beneficial to the country at large. For example, I found the following in the crop of a young bird: six beans, forty-two peas, 104 grains of barley. Try to imagine the damage done in a twelvemonth by a flock of pigeons numbering anything from three to four thousand, a flock of not uncommon occurrence at certain times of the year, and you will appreciate the need of pigeon shooting, more especially if you are a farmer.

HERON.

RED GROUSE AS FOSTER-MOTHER.

Last summer we reared on our game farm at Dereham, Norfolk, three grouse from a sitting of eggs kindly sent us by a friend in Yorkshire. All three birds proved to be females, and the two which we kept laid full clutches of infertile eggs in May and in due course began to sit. As we could not obtain any more grouse eggs we gave one three teal eggs and the other two partridges' eggs to incubate. All were successfully hatched

by May 20th, and the grouse, which are extremely tame, proved themselves excellent foster-mothers. Unfortunately the torrential rain on May 27th flooded their enclosures and one teal and a partridge succumbed at once; the survivors were



ONE OF THE FOSTER-MOTHERS.

weakened, and four days of bitter north-east wind proved too much for them, the last dying when just over a fortnight old. The little teal seemed quite at home with their adopted parent, frequently climbing up and sitting on her back, and following her into her shelter, to which she retired each night to roost.

MCLEAN AND WORMALD.